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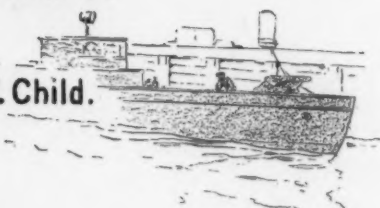
SEPTEMBER, 1905.

NO. 11.

A CHANGE OF CRAFT.

By

Richard W. Child.



FROM a boy's standpoint, Seattle is one of the most interesting ports on the Pacific coast. Robert Cole, whose father had lost all his fortune after the boom had ended and the false prosperity of a newly built city was over, lived very near the waterfront, and used to spend many hours, when he was not in school, in dangling his feet over the edge of a dock, and watching the interesting shipping in the busy Puget Sound port.

Bobby had a little craft himself. It was an old row-boat with a leg-o'-mutton sail, but it did very well for a day's cruise around the wooded islands of Puget Sound in the summer season, when the days were mild and pleasant, and the sunlight was dazzling white on the snow-cap of Mount Rainier. Charley Ruggles, who was the son of one of the harbor pilots, and who had taught Bobby all he knew about sailing and the winds and tides and currents, nearly always went with him on the daylight sails of exploration about the Sound.

One day in August the boys had arranged to sail over to the western shore of the Sound to a fishing settlement of Siwash Indians. Bobby

had come down to the float where the *Ready*, as he called his sail-boat, was tied up; it was early morning, with a heavy mist over the bay. Bobby peered over the wharf-edge and saw Charley bailing out the boat. Beyond, there was the queerest-looking craft he had ever seen, fretting against the piles on the other side of the dock; in the mist and against the dark surface of the water he could hardly see her, although she was only a few yards away. From the tip of her stem to the edge of her rudder, all along her thirty feet of thin, narrow length, she was painted a dull, neutral gray, the color of battle-ships in war-time. At her bow was a little black machine-gun peeping out from a cover of gray canvas; she looked for all the world as if she were built for the use of pirates.

"Hello! Charley," cried Bob, swinging himself down the slippery ladder to the float. "What boat is that?"

"Don't you know?" answered the other, looking up, red in the face from stooping over; "that's the *Smuggler's Nightmare*, or at least that is what they call her."

"The smuggler's what?" exclaimed Bobby.

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"Why, you know how much smuggling of Chinamen and opium there is in the Sound. Well, that 's the boat the government has built to catch the smugglers. She 's gray and can't be seen any distance, and she has electric power and so is very fast and does n't make any noise. Besides, she does n't draw much water, and can travel all along the shore of the shallow inlets."

"She looks like a ferret," commented Bobby. There was something silent, dark, and mysterious about the curious craft; and even when the boys had sailed out into the running tide with the brisk morning wind which was blowing the fog over the steep shores, Bob turned back for a last look.

"We have had the wind at our back all the morning," said Bobby, about noon; "and unless it shifts we will have to beat our way every inch homeward."

"It 's just possible we won't get there at all!" Charley wet his finger in his mouth and held it up to get the direction of the wind. "I can't make out where this new breeze is coming from."

The sail had first been filling and then flopping loosely with the rattle and squeak of the rigging.

Suddenly the breeze dropped altogether, as if it had been shut off by a curtain.

Charley scowled. He looked anxiously at the gray clouds that had slanted up across the western horizon, and toward the north, where a white film of fog was rolling toward them across the water.

"We 're going to be becalmed," he said finally. "I thought so."

"What mean luck!" said Bobby, dipping his fingers in the water. "We 've only got one oar, and we may not get any wind before tomorrow morning. I 'm mighty glad, though, that my mother will understand that we are becalmed," he added in an endeavor to find something cheerful about the situation.

Charles nodded. "What time is full tide?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Robert. "It must be nearly full now. Are you wondering—"

"Yes," interrupted Charles. "I 'm wondering how far the tide will take us before morn-

ing." He picked up a splinter of wood from the bottom and opened his jack-knife. "I wish we had a salmon-line," he said.

The gray fog, damp and salty, had rolled up the bay and, growing heavier and thicker, shut off the sight of the opposite shore. Behind the curtain of fog the radiant glow of the sun grew redder and then faded slowly away.

"Is n't it funny that we are not scared?" asked Robert, who was killing time by making knots in a piece of rope. "If this fog should n't lift—say for three days—we might starve here."

Charles did not answer. He was looking over the boat's edge into the oily water that licked the white-painted sides.

"We would n't starve in this exact spot," said he, gravely looking up. "Feel of that rudder!"

"Why, we are under way!" exclaimed Bob, as he felt the slight resistance of the helm. "And look at that seaweed go by!" He cast a glance at the sail; it was still lying limp against the mast.

"It 's the tide!" said Charles. "It 's running out!"

"The tide!" echoed the other. "I 've never seen a tide rush along like this."

"But we are on the other shore, and among these islands just off the point here it empties like an upset pail," explained Charles, who knew the waters of the upper Sound well. "We can travel fifty miles on this current before daylight, and it 's nearly dark now!" He looked searchingly out into the fog, which with the coming of night had lost its filmy-white color. "I wish I knew in which direction the point lies,—we might steer our course toward it and row into shallow water. I know the direction of the current, but I can't tell just which way we are going."

"Why, I can find out," Bob said, "by feeling of the rudder. There, look how straight it is! We 're pointing right down the current now."

"Good!" said Charles. "Now I will row on the port side, and that will keep us edging over toward shore."

"It 's cold enough," mused Bob; "and I wish I could have a hot slice of roast beef."

"Don't joke," said Charles, who understood

the dangers of being carried into the maze of island waterways of the Sound. Both boys sat dejected and helpless, preparing themselves for a long fast and a cold night on the water.

Suddenly Bob started. "Did you hear that?" he cried. The muffled sound of the explosive pounding of a naphtha-launch came to them over the waters.

"Yes," said Charles, straining his ears. "Listen! Is it coming nearer? I think we'd better yell to them." He threw his head back and shouted, "Ahoy, there!" several times. The noise of the naphtha-engine stopped for a moment. Charles continued his hallooing, and then a curious thing happened: behind the curtain of fog and darkness the chugging noise of the launch began again; but this time, instead of coming nearer, it faded rapidly away. The boys looked at each other in amazement.

"Well, whoever they are—they 're mean enough," said Bob, indignantly.

Charles nodded. "I should say so," said he. "Now we have the problem of spending the whole night in this wet mist; and, what is more, no one can tell where we will be in the morning." He dipped his hand in the water again, and it rippled up on to his wrist. "We are still moving fast enough," he announced.

"What time is it?" asked Bob, after a long and patient silence. Charles struck a match and found it was already nine o'clock. The fog had begun to take on a new white radiance, and just the faintest breeze moved the baggy sail.

Suddenly the boat bumped over a rock and, with a slight shiver, turned half around. "Shal-

low water!" cried Robert. "And see—the moon shows! The fog must be lifting."

"You 're right!" said Charles; "and look there!" Both the boys could make out black shadows against the moonlight. They were skirting along the shore of one of the islands. Charles picked up the oar and in a few rapid



"GET DOWN BEHIND THESE ROCKS," WHISPERED CHARLES."

strokes had sent the little craft inshore. The boys jumped out and stretched their legs.

"This island, anyway," said Bob. He stopped suddenly, for not fifty yards away through

the pines he saw the light of a lantern moving toward the beach. It was carried by a short, stocky man, who was followed by two others carrying several small wooden boxes. One of



"THEY TUGGED AWAY TO GET HER INTO DEEP WATER."

them said in a voice that the boys could hear plainly enough: "Blow it out. What is the use of taking any risks?"

Bob thought only of getting home; he had already filled his lungs to shout, when he felt Charles's hand tighten upon his wrist and heard him whisper: "Keep still, Bob! Can't you see—they're the smugglers! There's the launch we heard. See it on the shore?"

It was as Charles said: a black launch loaded with small wooden boxes had been pulled over the gravel into shallow water. As Bob looked the lantern was blown out and the beach was once more in darkness; the light of the moon had grown stronger, and a

faint night breeze was sighing through the pines; the fog was lifting.

"Get down behind these rocks," whispered Charles. "You can't tell what they would do if they should find us here. It's lucky that the *Ready* is around the point, for her sail would surely show in this moonlight."

The rumbling voices of the men continued.

"There! These are all stowed away. Another trip and we'll have a full load," said one.

"Light the lantern," said another, in a complaining voice. "I keep tripping over these rocks."

"Look!" whispered Charles in Robert's ear. "You can see their shadows through the trees. Now is the time for us to get away."

Robert set his mouth in a determined manner. "See here, Charles," he said; "these men are law-breakers. They're cheating the government. It would be cowardly to run."

"Well, what are you going to do?" inquired Charles, cautiously rising to his feet.

"You can run a naphtha-launch."

"Yes."

"Then we have n't a second to lose. The men will be back in a minute. I'm going to take that launch and her cargo back to the revenue officers, and leave these smugglers prisoners on this island."

"Whew!" exclaimed Charles, in an astonished tone. "Think of the danger! And, besides, the men could escape in the *Ready*."

"No," said Bob, firmly. "I'll push the *Ready* out into the current. We ought to take the risk."

Charles was enthused by the idea. "I'll do it!" said he. He ran back and pushed the little sail-boat out into deep water; when he had waded beyond his waist he gave her a final push that sent her out into the channel.

As he came back to the beach he heard once more the voices of the men approaching. "It's too late!" he whispered. "They're coming!"

"It's our only chance to get off this island—now the *Ready* has gone," said Bob, his voice trembling with excitement. "Come on!"

The two boys started down the beach in a race for the launch. As they tugged away to get her into deep water, the lantern was coming

boys
now
had
had
little
dow

nearer and nearer through the trees, and finally they heard the angry cry of the bearer of the light and the swift beat of feet on the crunching gravel.

"Quick!" cried Bob. "Jump in!" Both

nearly got to the water's edge when the propeller of the launch began to buzz, and foam boiled up in the broadening wake.

"Come back here!" shouted one of the men, frantically running into the water.



"THE SEARCH-LIGHT TURNED THIS WAY AND THAT, AND THEN SUDDENLY SETTLED ON THE LAUNCH."

boys sprang over the side of the launch, which now floated in the deeper water. The moon had been obscured by a cloud, and Charles had to feel for the wheel and lever to start the little engine. The three men were running down the beach, shouting hoarsely, and had

"Stop or I 'll shoot!" cried another. Through the gloom the boys could see that one of the smugglers had drawn a revolver.

"Get down behind the boxes," shouted Charles to Bob. "They 'll follow us along the beach and take a shot at us."

The men were running along the shore, following the direction in which the launch was going at an ever-increasing speed; at last one of them stopped and took deliberate aim.

"Don't shoot!" cried the stocky man, knocking the other's hand into the air. "We're caught here like rats and we don't want to be taken for murder."

Bob, in the bow with his hand on the wheel, gave a sigh of relief as the craft drew swiftly away from the island. "Where shall I steer?" he asked.

"I'll take her," said Charles, crawling over the boxes. "We'll steer for those lights."

The launch pounded along over the black waters, and finally turned into the open Sound; but the boys were too excited to say much. Suddenly Charles stopped the engine. "Listen!" said he.

Behind them they could hear the pounding of a propeller in another boat. "They're chasing us!" cried Bob. "Start the engine again."

Once more they were off. "We've got to race for it now," cried Charles; "they're after us, sure enough. You see, they carry no lights."

The launch now plowed along at her top-most speed, but it soon became evident that the other was gaining.

"There's only one chance," said Charles, excitedly,—"if we stop the engine they may go by us in the dark." Already his hand was on the lever, and immediately the noise ceased, and the craft slid along silently through the black water. Voices on the other boat began to sound distinct.

"They've stopped their engine," said one. "We'd better take a look!"

With a quick flash the beam of a searchlight stretched out over the water like a long finger. It turned this way and that, and then suddenly settled on the launch with its two boys and its cargo of boxes.

"Oh, we've got 'em this time!" shouted a voice, and the blinding light began to come nearer.

"It's all over with us," said Charles, dismally. Bob was about to answer when the other craft slid alongside. She was thin and

dark, and there was the muzzle of a machine-gun poking over her bow.

"It's the *Smuggler's Nightmare*!" cried Bob.

"Why, they're nothing but boys!" exclaimed a bearded man in a trig blue uniform, more astonished than any one.

"Give us a hand, please," said Bob, "and I'll come aboard and explain."

To the revenue officer the boys told the whole story. He listened intently to all that they said. Every now and then he nodded and remarked: "Good work! good!" But when they explained how they had left the smugglers prisoners on the island, he chuckled heartily and slapped his knees. "This is splendid!" said he, finally. "I'll put a man into the launch with you so that you can go right home. You must be very hungry and tired. Of course we will have to go to the island for the men."

"If you should happen to see our boat, I wish you'd pick it up—we shall miss her badly, sir," said Bob.

"Oh, I would n't worry about your boat, young man!" said the officer. "There is enough reward for the capture of these smugglers to buy you a very respectable little cruising-yacht—cabin and all. And it seems to be very plain that these rascals are not only caught, but held prisoners by your act. Now we must hurry a little."

Both the boys and one of the sailors got into the launch. "Good night!" shouted the revenue officer. "Good night!" the boys answered joyfully.

Once more the naphtha-launch started on her journey toward the harbor, but this time instead of sneaking along she bore a light at her bow and carried two very tired and very happy passengers.

"It is n't so bad being becalmed, after all," said Charles, when they had climbed up on to the wharf and were saying good night.

"No, indeed!" Robert said heartily; "and we won't really lose the *Ready*, either, for I took the bearings of a little cave she drifted into as we were coming out with the launch."

SOME SIMPLE SUMS.

BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.



PLEASE figure out, as school-day comes,
The sense and nonsense of these sums :

TACKS ON TEA.

WHILE bringing in 2 cups of tea
If Mary Ann should step upon
A carpet-tack, I think that she
Would put down 2 and carry 1.
If picture shown portrays her actions
Correctly — give result in fractions.

APPLES AND ACHES.

FOUR little boys consume 16
Large apples (*very large and green*):
This proves to any, but a dunce,
That 16 into 4 goes once.

If every apple caused a pain,
How many little boys remain?
The answer 's 8. Before the trouble
The boys were 4 — and now they "double."

A COW ACCOUNT.

A cow that gives 9 quarts a day
When milk is worth 8 cents a quart,
Eats 96 cents' worth of hay
Each day. Now work out this report.
Would not a self-respecting beast
Eat less or give 12 quarts at least?



THE MAIDS AND THE MOTTO.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

I

THE president had put on a little pink sun-bonnet, tying it naively under her round chin.

The secretary observed this piece of frivolity with an eye of gloom. "Alice," she said, "that bonnet is — unparliamentary!"

"But if the girls will have the meeting in the garden!" urged the president, softly. "And, besides, it's rather — becoming, don't you think? You would n't want me to look ugly, Dody?"

This was really too ridiculous. The secretary's grim features relaxed.

"You will have your own way, whatever happens," she said; "so I don't suppose it matters much what you wear. Only don't expect *me* to fall in with your Kinder-Sinfonie scheme, bonnet or no bonnet! I have more serious things on hand I can assure you."

This was in the privacy of the president's own room, before the meeting. Shortly after, she and the secretary went out into the garden, where the rest of The Merry Maids were already assembled.

The month was only March, but on the sunny side of the high brick wall which separated the grounds of Miss Burnham's school from those of her neighbors, the vines were already in full leaf, and a glint of purple showed among the budding lilacs by the gate. These, and a warm, warm sun, and the devastations of broom and dust-pan in their own apartments, had sent the club out with one accord to its favorite haunt.

It was seldom, indeed, that this honorable body held two consecutive meetings in the same place. It led at the best a somewhat harassed existence, owing to the whims of teachers, the demands of study-hours, and the like. Hence the more need for the president's eloquence, which on the present occasion won the day for her cause.

She referred with pathos, aided by an effective droop of the bonnet, to the waning fortunes

of the club, its lack of enterprise, its waste of talent. She alluded feelingly to the state of its exchequer. And then, warming to her subject, she unfolded her plan of relief — money, glory, and no end of a good time, to be obtained simply by the exercise of a little energy and of their combined and unquestioned ability.

When she dropped, breathless, upon the arbor-step, the success of the Kinder-Sinfonie project was already assured. The motion was made and carried in the twinkling of an eye. Unbounded enthusiasm followed. A date was agreed upon, committees were appointed, and



"'ALICE,' SHE SAID, 'THAT BONNET IS — UNPARLIAMENTARY.'"

the club adjourned, going gleefully to put its rooms in order and to study its lessons.

Then it was that the president, still flushed with victory, put her books aside after a desultory glance, and sought the secretary's room.

That officer was sewing by the window, and beside her sat one of the little girls, a slender child, whose long locks of fair, straight hair fell over the book in her lap and the industrious small finger tracing out the words.

"Go on, Maugy!" said the secretary. The child's name was Maudie Dugall, corrupted by the girls into the endearing and felicitous title of Maugydoodle.

"Dan — looks — out — of — the — winder," read Maugydoodle, laboriously.

"Wind-ow," corrected the secretary. She was always kind to the little girls, who adored her in consequence. "Don't you remember I told you window, pillow? —"

"Yes," said the child, gravely. "I can say 'em all now, Miss Dora, — window, pillow, bananow —"

"There!" said the president, pettishly. "You see how much good it does to teach her!"

She dropped down on the cushion at that moment somewhat haughtily vacated by Miss Dugall, and leaned her head against the secretary's knee with a gentle sigh.

"You'd like to lead the symphony, Dody?"

"No," said the secretary, sewing a button on the wrong side of her glove with great energy; "I would n't."

"But you will do it to please me, Dody?"

"No," repeated the secretary; "I don't think I shall."

"I have to play the piano, you know, and there is no one else who knows how to conduct!"

No answer.

"Dear!" murmured the president.

"That," said the secretary, with severity, "is also unparliamentary and is not fair!"

"Darling!" amended the president, softly.

The secretary ripped the button off the wrong side of her glove and began to sew it on the right. The president's face was fortunately hidden from her by the unparliamentary bonnet, which she still wore, though it was no longer necessary.

"Alice," said Dora, "the trial-debates are to come off at just about the time that you have chosen for the symphony. You are not interested in them, I know, but then I am. Do you understand? — but of course you do, though."

"Yes," said the president, nodding thoughtfully; "I understand, thou understandest, she understands — meaning Miss Burnham — possibly also Maugydoodle, if I do not mistake



"THE OFFICER WAS SEWING BY THE WINDOW."

the attentive expression of her back hair. Go on!"

But the secretary did not go on at once. She was thinking. The secretary was a very ambitious girl; and the musical ability which made her so desirable a conductor for the symphony, was of less importance in her own eyes than the literary talent which she also possessed, and which caused her to yearn ardently for literary honors. To be chosen as the representative of her class in the coming debate with the girls of the Burton Academy, — this was the glory she dreamed of; and this glory was to be

conferred upon that girl whose work in the several appointed trial-debates should win the highest vote of her companions.

Miss Burnham herself was interested in the contest. The secretary's chances were good. And now —

"If I don't do my best in the trial-debates," said the secretary, aloud, "I shall lose my chance of being chosen, you know." It sounded selfish, but she said it. "The symphony will take a deal of practice, if we are to do it well; and if I spend my extra time rehearsing with the girls, where is all the hard work I have done, and must do yet, to get ready for the debates?"

"Sounds like Peter Piper," mused the president, quaintly, her elbows on her knees. "Dora Darrow did a lot of dreadful study. If Dora Darrow did a lot of dreadful study, *where's* the lot of dreadful study Dora Darrow did?"

She was such a dear, delightful girl, in her whimsical way, that the secretary felt her resolution slipping fast. She looked severely at her mending, and went on, making a fresh start.

"I have often thought," she said, "that the club took up too much of our time, anyway!"

"You!" cried the president, in grieved astonishment. "You disapprove of the club, when it exists for the very purpose of improving our minds and morals and everything else that is Dody-ish and desirable! We don't debate, to be sure; but we do try to do a little good. And I give you my word—we have at this moment in the treasury but two cents to do it with. We pledged ourselves to take care of the Sclavoni family till summer, and how can we—I ask you as a friend—how can we do it on two cents? Whereas, if we sell one hundred tickets for the symphony, we shall have one hundred dollars, Dora Darrow! And the glory—and the fun—and the ice-cream,—Miss Burnham says we may,—and, oh, Dody, dancing afterward!"

Again she was so adorable in her girlish rapture that the secretary was obliged to hold herself in more firmly than ever.

"Dody,"—she leaned both round arms upon her friend's knee,— "you are the cleverest girl in school! You know you could beat everybody at the debates, and lead the symphony, too, just as well as not, if you only wanted to; and

no one can make that symphony a success except you!"

"Nonsense!" returned the secretary, hard-pressed but resolute.

The president plucked the unparliamentary bonnet from her head, and cast it upon the floor.

"Then it's all up with us!" she declared, tragically. "The Sclavonis will die of cold and hunger, and the rest of us will perish of ennui, which is just as bad! and you promised, Dody,—you promised, if I came to school with you, that you would be—kind—to me! You said it did n't matter if I *was* a stupid little thing—we would do everything—together—" The president's voice broke. Her mouth quivered with pathos. Her hand went out for her little pocket-handkerchief, and failing this, seized upon the pink sunbonnet, and pressed it, a crumpled rose, to the rose of her tear-wet cheek.

This time her argument was irresistible. To work a little harder, thought Dora, to have a little less time for recreation,—was this too much to do for one's dearest friend, and that friend the dearest girl in the world?

"When," said the secretary, suddenly, "when shall we have the first rehearsal?"

"Maugydoodle!" cried the president, dancing out of the room a few minutes later, and seeing that young person's pale and eager little face still gazing silently from her dusky corner—"Maugydoodle, if you're awfully, terribly good every single minute from now till then, we're going to let you and Polly play the little wind-things in the symphony! Is n't that an honor! By-by, Dora darling!"

II.

"One, two, three! One, two, three!"

The secretary's little wand beat out the time, sharply, persistently.

"One, two, three!" The Drum was off the count again, and banged away with untimely zeal on the wrong note, bar after bar, followed with stupid devotion by the Cymbals. The Quail had lost her place, and determined that nothing should induce her to admit the fact, piped persistently, in season and out of season,

regardless of the efforts of the Cuckoo, who sat next her, and who showed a soaring though mistaken ambition to outplay the entire orchestra. The "little wind-things" burred and chirred whenever the conductor cast an unwary glance in their direction. The Nightingale had bubbled itself out of water, and refused to emit anything but a dismal squeak in response to the most frantic efforts. Only the piano kept on its way, undisturbed.

The secretary rapped sharply on her stand. "We will begin back at G," she commanded, pushing the hair from her hot face. "All the instruments count sixteen bars before coming in."



The piano gave out the melody, softly. Ah, that was playing! No wonder the president loved her piano. It responded to her touch as if it loved her, sure, spirited, beautiful. It sang, it rippled, it stormed, as she chose to have it. She looked up with eyes full of mischievous laughter to meet the secretary's anguished glance, as the instruments straggled in among the bars, like a flock of timid sheep into a forbidden meadow.

They began at G again. The secretary went down and found their places for them, patiently. She went back and beat the time, hopefully.

"One, two, three! All together now!" On the key or off, in time or out—bang! crash! gurgle! *cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!* squeak!

"It will come out all right in time," encouraged the president, gathering up her music when the rehearsal was over; "when they once get the knack of it, you know!"

The exhausted secretary did not answer. She went up to her own room and shut the door. She sat down by the window and dropped her chin in her hands and thought.

If this went on much longer something was going to break. When she studied up for her debates, she was thinking about the symphony; and when she led the symphony, she was thinking about the debates. It was no use. One thing she could do successfully, but not both. She had tried hard, because she could not bear to disappoint Alice. But when one's reason began to give way—"Cuckoo! cuckoo! squeak!" The chirp of that idiotic bird rang in her ears with maddening insistence.

Alice *would* be disappointed, of course. To her the success of the symphony meant a great deal. But then, why should Alice always be the one to be considered? Other people had wishes to be gratified, too. The honor of representing the class in the Burton Debate—that was something worth working for, a serious and lofty achievement, a satisfaction, a delight. Oh, yes, the symphony must go! She would run and tell Alice at once; and somebody else could take the conductor's place,—they would manage to get through it some way,—they *must*!

She went quickly to the door and opened it. The sound of a piano came floating up from below. That was Alice, now. She was playing the "Melody in F." What a touch she had! What a note of freshness, of joy, of triumph, rang out in the buoyant measure! It was like spring, like the budding of the lilacs in the garden, like Alice herself.

Something deep, true, sweet, in the girl spoke through her music, under all the daintiness, the wayward and wilful charm. Listening, the secretary felt her heart swell with a great wave of tenderness toward the friend she loved. She

could almost hear the whimsical, grave voice repeating: "*If Dora Darrow did a lot of dreadful study, where's the lot of dreadful study—*"

Something entered into her mind, breaking her thought off in the middle; something in Latin, that she knew well, but had forgotten for the moment — "*Alte ipse amicus,*" that was it: "*A friend is another self.*" It was the motto of the club. She and the president had chosen it together, and the girls had accepted it gladly as a pledge of their loyalty and devotion to each other.



"'CHILD,' SHE SAID STERNLY, 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?'"

If that motto meant anything, it meant that Alice's triumph was as much to her friend as her own; that any success won at the price of Alice's happiness and confidence would be worse than a failure.

The secretary caught her breath. Why, of course it would! What had she been thinking about? What if the symphony had seemed to her an unnecessary, a frivolous thing? Alice wanted it; Alice counted on her, trusted her. All the praise and honor in the world could not make up for the loss of that trust. She saw herself suddenly, standing proud and glowing with her triumph, and Alice's face looking out at her, grieved and sober, under the rosy shadow of the pink sunbonnet.

That was enough. A few minutes later she stood knocking at the door of Miss Burnham's room.

III.

ONLY Miss Molly was there, writing at the desk. That was lucky. Miss Molly's eyes were kind and vague, not keen and compelling

like her sister's. It was quite easy to make her understand that honors were a matter of great indifference to some people, and that, as for this particular affair, the secretary, being rather tired and very busy with her lessons, had decided to give up all thought of representing her class in the contest with the Burton Academy girls, and so not to join in the trial-debates.

Miss Molly was sorry. But she knew that the secretary could be trusted as to the reasons for her withdrawal.

"You wish to be left out entirely, then, Dora?" she said, with regret.

"If you please," said the secretary, with decision. And Miss Molly crossed off the name of Dora Darrow from a list upon her desk.

The matter being thus happily settled, the secretary went up-stairs again, much relieved and humming a little tune under her breath. True, her knees felt a trifle weak, and she hardly noticed a small form which crept out upon her from some unexpected corner; but, winking hastily and hard, she perceived it to be the form of Maugydoodle. Whereupon she suppressed an unwonted desire to shake that ever-present young person.

"Child," she said sternly, "what are you doing here?"

But Maugydoodle, having no answer ready, only embraced her fervently about the knees, and shook her small head with a shrewd look of understanding and sympathy which the secretary fortunately did not see.

IV.

THAT was Thursday. The president was going home the next day, to spend Sunday. There was to be a party at the home of one of her friends on Friday night. She was all dimples and delight when the secretary kissed her good-by—rather hurriedly, for fear of possible questions.

A rehearsal of the symphony had been appointed for that afternoon, and the first of the trial-debates was to take place the following morning. The president would, luckily enough, be out of the way.

"I hope everything will go well," she said, jabbing a reckless hat-pin into her picture-hat.

"Becky Ford can play the piano—for once, and I shall be back early Monday. Good-by, Dora darling. Is my hat on straight?"

Straight? Of course not. The president's hats were always on crooked, bless her! How radiant she was under her drooping feathers! How good it was to see her so radiant and so happy!

The secretary did not wait to see her off. She ran down-stairs to study awhile in one of the class-rooms, and then went to meet the club in another for the symphony rehearsal.

This time she put her whole heart into the work. The players felt the new spirit in the hand that led them, and rose heroically to the charge. They were all there except one of the little wind-things, who straggled in late with a guilty expression, and burred and chirred with double vigor to make up for it.

Becky Ford made superhuman efforts at the piano. The Quail kept her place for three consecutive pages without a break. The Drum roared—in the right places—as gently as any sucking-dove. The secretary's spirits rose. When she heard the whistle of the president's departing train, she drew a long breath of relief, and led the attack on "G" with fervor and enthusiasm.

"One, two, three!" Gurgle! bang! chir-r! *cuckoo! cuckoo! squeak!*

Things were going famously. They were trying it for the last time. Then suddenly the music was snapped and shattered as by an earthquake. All the instruments ran amuck for one wild second, and then stopped.

The secretary looked at them astonished. What had happened? Polly and Maud, who sat nearest her, dropped the little wind-things and pointed their fingers at the door behind her.

The secretary turned slowly. On the threshold stood the president. She was still in her hat and jacket, her face demure and sparkling, her hands folded with an air of mingled meekness and triumph bewildering to behold.

"Alice—Heath—Dunbar!" exclaimed the secretary.

"Dody!" said the president.

It was not much of an explanation; but with the tone of the president's voice and the look in her eyes, it was enough for the secretary.

"My dear!—" she began, coming down from the platform.

"No," said the president, waving her off. "Not 'dear' at all! Selfish, thoughtless, horrid,—anything but dear! But don't tell me you thought I was as bad as that, Dora Darrow! Don't, because I won't believe it! I never thought—I never for one moment dreamed—"

"You've lost your train!" said the secretary, breathless. "You've missed your party!"

"Goose!" returned the president. "As if a hundred million parties were of any conse-



"GOOD-BY, DORA DARLING. IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"

quence, compared with your losing the desire of your heart! You meant to lose it—you meant to skip your old trial-debates to-morrow, and go and break my heart when I was n't here to know it was being broken! You know you did—don't tell me! But, oh, Dody,"—she caught both the secretary's hands in hers suddenly, with a little catch in her voice which was not quite a laugh nor yet wholly a sob,—“oh, Dody, you *know* I would n't have let you, if I had guessed, my dear!”

If she had been radiant before, under her drooping feathers, how much more radiant she was now, with that tender brightness in her eyes and that laughing quiver on her

lips! If she had been lovable before, in her own wilful way, how much more lovable she was now, with the earnestness and the sweetness

ingale, before she had fairly finished, "that we decline those resignations! I move that the symphony be postponed till—till the—well, anyway, till after the debates are over, and Dora has won the honors! Nobody else can lead, and nobody but Alice—I mean Madam President—can play the piano, and—"

"Second. the motion!" cried the Drum. "All in favor—I beg pardon, Madam President!—all in favor, say—"

There was a unanimous "Aye" from the entire club; and Miss Molly, who was passing the door, came running in to find out what on earth was the matter.

But the president and the secretary, bowing acknowledgments from the platform, knew that henceforth the motto of The Merry Maids would never be to them an empty phrase, but the expression

of a truth, deep and beautiful, which they had proved and tested for themselves.

"By the way," said the secretary, going up-stairs with her arm around the president's waist, "how did you happen to find out?"

"Maugydoodle," said the president, concisely. "Maugydoodle came up to my room and told me, just as I was ready to start."

"The blessed little — pitcher with big ears! I move," said the secretary, forgetting for the moment that the club was not in session, "that Maugydoodle be restored to her rightful name, and made an honorary member — mem-bow, I mean — of The Merry Maids!" And so she was.



"ON THE THRESHOLD STOOD THE PRESIDENT."

that were in her shining up under all her pretty sparkle!

The secretary would have hugged her on the spot, but the president retreated from her affectionate arms.

"We shall have to resign, you know," she said, dabbing briskly at her eyes. "The girls will never speak to us again for deserting them this way; but we can't help that! We'll give up the symphony right here and now, before the examination to-morrow, and then we'll both resign—"

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

The hoarse call of that irrepressible bird broke forth again at this moment amid a babel of impatient voices.

The president sprang to the platform and called the meeting to order. In a two-minute speech she made plain the situation, and offered the resignations of herself and the secretary.

"I move, Madam President," cried the Night-



"SECOND THE MOTION!" CRIED THE DRUM.



"THE NEW MAN SEEMS VERY POPULAR; SEE HOW THEY CROWD AROUND HIM."
 "YES, THEY ARE TRYING TO GET HIM TO PLAY ON THE FOOT-BALL TEAM."

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM,
 Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MAGIC CLOAK.

THE sun had scarcely risen next morning when our friends left the city of Ix in search of the magic cloak. All were mounted on strong horses, with a dozen soldiers riding behind to protect them from harm, while the royal steward of the witch-queen followed with two donkeys laden with hampers of provisions from which to feed the travelers on their way.

It was a long journey to the wide river, but they finally reached it, and engaged the ferryman to take them across. The ferryman did not like to visit the other shore, which was in the kingdom of Noland; for several of the Roly-Rogues had already been seen upon the mountain-top. But the guard of soldiers reassured the man; so he rowed his big boat across with the entire party, and set them safely on the

shore. The ferryman's little daughter was in the boat, but she was not sobbing to-day. On the contrary, her face was all smiles.

"Do you not still wish to be a man?" asked Zixi, patting the child's head.

"No, indeed!" answered the little maid. "For I have discovered all men must work very hard to support their wives and children, and to buy them food and raiment. So I have changed my mind about becoming a man, especially as that would be impossible."

It was not far from the ferry to the grove of lilacs, and as they rode along Zixi saw the gray owl sitting contentedly in a tree and pruning its feathers.

"Are you no longer wailing because you cannot swim in the river?" asked the witch-queen, speaking in the owl language.

"No, indeed," answered the gray owl. "For, as I watched a fish swimming in the water, a

man caught it on a sharp hook, and the fish was killed. I believe I'm safer in a tree."

"I believe so, too," said Zixi, and rode along more thoughtfully; for she remembered her own desire, and wondered if it would also prove foolish.

Just as they left the river-bank she noticed the old alligator sunning himself happily upon the bank.

"Have you ceased weeping because you cannot climb a tree?" asked the witch-queen.

"Of course," answered the alligator, opening one eye to observe his questioner. "For a boy climbed a tree near me yesterday and fell out of it and broke his leg. It is quite foolish to climb trees. I'm sure I am safer in the water."

Zixi made no reply, but she agreed with the alligator, who called after her sleepily:

"Is n't it fortunate we cannot have everything we are stupid enough to wish for?"

Shortly afterward they left the river-bank and approached the lilac-grove, the witch-queen riding first through the trees to show the place where she had dropped the magic cloak. She knew it was near the little spring where she had gazed at her reflection in the water; but, although they searched over every inch of ground, they could discover no trace of the lost cloak.

"It is really too bad!" exclaimed Zixi, with vexation. "Some one must have come through the grove and taken the cloak away."

"But we must find it," said Bud, earnestly; "for otherwise I shall not be able to rescue my people from the Roly-Rogues."

"Let us inquire of every one we meet if they have seen the cloak," suggested Princess Fluff. "In that way we may discover who has taken it."

So they made a camp on the edge of the grove, and for two days they stopped and questioned all who passed that way. But none had ever seen or heard of a cloak like that described.

Finally an old shepherd came along, hobbling painfully after a flock of five sheep; for he suffered much from rheumatism.

"We have lost a beautiful cloak in the lilac-grove," said Zixi to the shepherd.

"When did you lose it?" asked the old man, pausing to lean upon his stick.

"Several days ago," returned the queen. "It was bright as the rainbow, and woven with threads finer than —"

"I know, I know!" interrupted the shepherd, "for I myself found it lying upon the ground beneath the lilac-trees."

"Hurrah!" cried Bud, gleefully; "at last we have found it!" And all the others were fully as delighted as he was.

"But where have you put the cloak?" inquired Zixi.

"Why, I gave it to Dame Dingle, who lives under the hill yonder," replied the man, pointing far away over the fields; "and she gave me in exchange some medicine for my rheumatism, which has made the pain considerably worse. So to-day I threw the bottle into the river."

They did not pause to listen further to the shepherd's talk, for all were now intent on reaching the cottage of Dame Dingle.

So the soldiers saddled the horses, and in a few minutes they were galloping away toward the hill. It was a long ride, over rough ground; but finally they came near the hill and saw a tiny, tumbledown cottage just at its foot.

Hastily dismounting, Bud, Fluff, and the queen rushed into the cottage, where a wrinkled old woman was bent nearly double over a crazy-quilt upon which she was sewing patches.

"Where is the cloak?" cried the three, in a breath.

The woman did not raise her head, but counted her stitches in a slow, monotonous tone.

"Sixteen — seventeen — eighteen —"

"Where is the magic cloak?" demanded Zixi, stamping her foot impatiently.

"Nineteen —" said Dame Dingle, slowly.

"There! I've broken my needle!"

"Answer us at once!" commanded Bud, sternly. "Where is the magic cloak?"

The woman paid no attention to him whatever. She carefully selected a new needle, threaded it after several attempts, and began anew to stitch the patch.

"Twenty!" she mumbled in a low voice; "twenty-one —"

But now Zixi snatched the work from her hands and exclaimed:

"If you do not answer at once I will give you a good beating!"



"NO, INDEED," ANSWERED THE GRAY OWL. "I BELIEVE I AM SAFER IN A TREE."

"That is all right," said the dame, looking up at them through her spectacles; "the patches take twenty-one stitches on each side, and if I lose my count I get mixed up. But it's all right now. What do you want?"

"The cloak the old shepherd gave you," replied the queen, sharply.

"The pretty cloak with the bright colors?" asked the dame, calmly.

"Yes! Yes!" answered the three, excitedly.

"Why, that very patch I was sewing was cut from that cloak," said Dame Dingle. "Is n't it lovely? And it brightens the rest of the crazy-quilt beautifully."

"Do you mean that you have cut up my magic cloak?" asked Fluff, in amazement, while the others were too horrified to speak.

"Certainly," said the woman. "The cloak was too fine for me to wear, and I needed something bright in my crazy-quilt. So I cut up half of the cloak and made patches of it."

The witch-queen gave a gasp, and sat down suddenly upon a rickety bench. Princess

Fluff walked to the door and stood looking out, that the others might not see the tears of disappointment in her eyes. Bud alone stood scowling in front of the old dame, and presently he said to her, in a harsh tone:

"You ought to be smothered with your own crazy-quilt for daring to cut up the fairy cloak!"

"The fairy cloak!" echoed Dame Dingle. "What do you mean?"

"That cloak was a gift to my sister from the fairies," said Bud; "and it had a magic charm. Are n't you afraid the fairies will punish you for what you have done?"

Dame Dingle was greatly disturbed.

"How could I know it?" she asked, anxiously; "how could I know it was a magic cloak that old Edi gave to me?"

"Well, it was; and woven by the fairies themselves," retorted the boy. "And a whole nation is in danger because you have wickedly cut it up."

Dame Dingle tried to cry, to show that she

was sorry and so escape punishment. She put her apron over her face, and rocked herself back and forth, and made an attempt to squeeze a tear out of her eyes.

Suddenly Zixi jumped up.

"Why, it is n't so bad, after all!" she exclaimed. "We can sew the cloak together again."

"Of course!" said Fluff, coming from the doorway. "Why did n't we think of that at once?"

"Where is the rest of the cloak?" demanded Zixi.

Dame Dingle went to a chest and drew forth the half of the cloak that had not been cut up. There was no doubt about its being the magic cloak. The golden thread Queen Lulea had woven could be seen plainly in the web, and the brilliant colors were as fresh and lovely as ever. But the flowing skirt of the cloak had been ruthlessly hacked by Dame Dingle's shears, and presented a sorry sight.

"Get us the patches you have cut!" com-

manded Zixi; and without a word the dame drew from her basket five small squares and then ripped from the crazy-quilt the one she had just sewn on.

"But this is n't enough," said Fluff, when she had spread the cloak upon the floor and matched the pieces. "Where is the rest of the cloak?"

"Why,—why—" stammered Dame Dingle, with hesitation, "I gave them away."

"Gave them away! Who got them?" said Bud.

"Why,—some friends of mine were here from the village last evening, and we traded patches, so each of us would have a variety for our crazy-quilts."

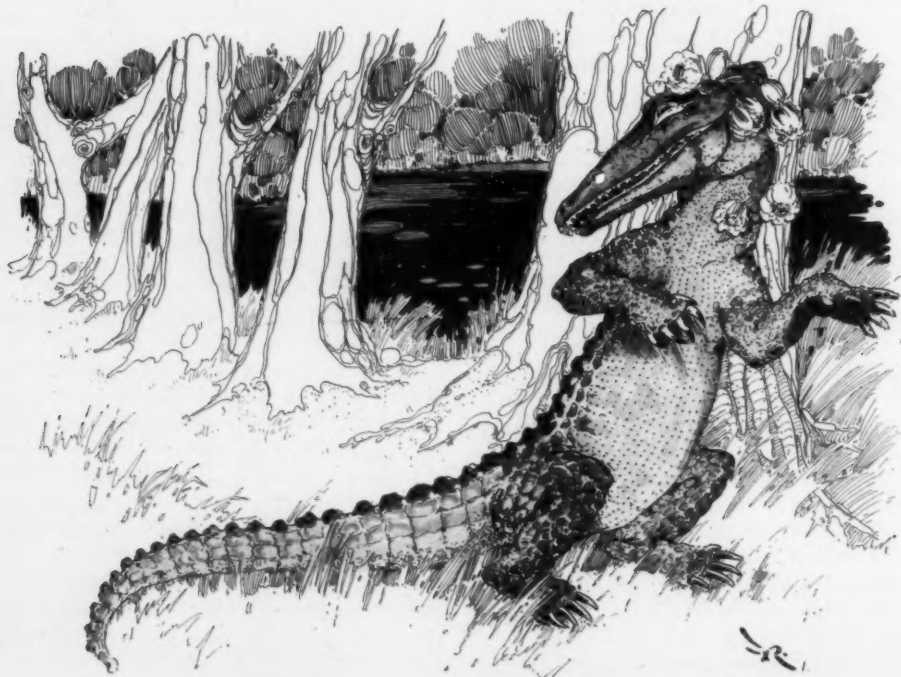
"Well?"

"And I gave each of them one of the patches from the pretty cloak."

"Well, you are a ninny!" declared Bud, scornfully.

"Yes, your Majesty; I believe I am," answered Dame Dingle, meekly.

"We must go to the village and gather up



"OF COURSE," ANSWERED THE ALLIGATOR, OPENING ONE EYE TO OBSERVE HIS QUESTIONER."

those pieces," said Zixi. "Can you tell us the names of your friends?" she asked the woman.

"Of course," responded Dame Dingle; "they were Nancy Nink, Betsy Barx, Sally Sog, Molly Mitt, and Lucy Lum."

"Before we go to the village let us make Dame Dingle sew these portions of the cloak together," suggested Fluff.

The dame was glad enough to do this, and she threaded her needle at once. So deft and fine was her needlework that she mended the cloak most beautifully, so that from a short distance away no one could discover that the cloak had been darned. But a great square was still missing from the front, and our friends were now eager to hasten to the village.

"This will cause us some delay," said the witch-queen, more cheerfully; "but the cloak will soon be complete again, and then we can have our wishes."

Fluff took the precious cloak over her arm, and then they all mounted their horses and rode away toward the village, which Dame Dingle pointed out from her doorway. Zixi was sorry for the old creature, who had been more foolish than wicked; and the witch-queen left a bright gold piece in the woman's hand when she bade her good-by, which was worth more to Dame Dingle than three pretty cloaks.

The ground was boggy and uneven, so they were forced to ride slowly to the little village; but they arrived there at last, and began hunting for the old women who had received pieces of the magic cloak. They were easily found, and all seemed willing enough to give up their patches when the importance of the matter was explained to them.

At the witch-queen's suggestion, each woman fitted her patch to the cloak and sewed it on very neatly; but Lucy Lum, the last of the five, said to them:

"This is only half of the patch Dame Dingle gave me. The other part I gave to the miller's wife down in the valley where the river bends. But I am sure she will be glad to let you have it. See—it only requires that small piece to complete the cloak and make it as good as new."

It was true—the magic cloak, except for a small square at the bottom, was now complete;

and such skilful needlewomen were these crazy-quilt makers that it was difficult to tell where it had been cut and afterward mended.

But the miller's wife must now be seen; so they all mounted the horses again, except Aunt Rivette, who grumbled that so much riding made her bones rattle and that she preferred to fly. Which she did, frightening the horses to such an extent with her wings that Bud made her keep well in advance of them.

They were all in good spirits now, for soon the magic cloak, almost as good as new, would be again in their possession; and Fluff and Bud had been greatly worried over the fate of their friends who had been left to the mercy of the terrible Roly-Rogues.

The path ran in a zigzag direction down into the valley; but at length it led the party to the mill, where old Rivette was found sitting in the doorway awaiting them.

The miller's wife, when summoned, came to them drying her hands on her apron, for she had been washing the dishes.

"We want to get the bright-colored patch Lucy Lum gave you," explained Fluff; "for it was part of my magic cloak, which the fairies gave to me, and this is the place where it must be sewn to complete the garment." And she showed the woman the cloak, with the square missing.

"I see," said the miller's wife, nodding her head; "and I am very sorry I cannot give you the piece to complete your cloak. But the fact is, I considered it too pretty for my crazy-quilt, so I gave it to my son for a necktie."

"And where is your son?" demanded Zixi.

"Oh, he is gone to sea, for he is a sailor. By this time he is far away upon the ocean."

Bud, Fluff, and the witch-queen looked at one another in despair. This seemed, indeed, to destroy all their hopes; for the one portion of the cloak that they needed was far beyond their reach.

Nothing remained but for them to return to Zixi's palace and await the time when the miller's son should return from his voyage. But before they went the queen said to the woman:

"When he returns you may tell your son that if he will bring to me the necktie you gave him, I will give him in return fifty gold pieces."

"And I will give him fifty more," said Bud, promptly.

"And I will give him enough ribbon to make fifty neckties," added Fluff.

The miller's wife was delighted at the prospect.

ing the necktie, that she left two of her soldiers at the mill, with instructions to bring the man to her palace the instant he returned home.

As they rode away they were all very despondent over the ill luck of their journey.



"'WHERE IS THE CLOAK?' CRIED THE THREE, IN A BREATH."

"Thank you! Thank you!" she exclaimed. "My boy's fortune is made. He can now marry Imogene Gubb and settle down on a farm, and give up the sea forever! And his neckties will be the envy of all the men in the country. As soon as he returns I will send him to you with the bit of the cloak which you need."

But Zixi was so anxious that nothing might happen to prevent the miller's son from return-

"He may be drowned at sea," said Bud.

"Or he may lose the necktie on the voyage," said Fluff.

"Oh, a thousand things *might* happen," returned the queen; "but we need not make ourselves unhappy imagining them. Let us hope the miller's son will soon return and restore to us the missing patch." Which showed that Zixi had not lived six hundred and eighty-three years without gaining some wisdom.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUFFLES CARRIES THE SILVER VIAL.

WHEN they were back at the witch-queen's palace in the city of Ix, the queen insisted that Bud and Fluff, with their Aunt Rivette, should remain her guests until the cloak could be restored to its former complete state. And, for fear something else might happen to the precious garment, a silver chest was placed in Princess Fluff's room and the magic cloak safely locked therein, the key being carried upon the chain around the girl's neck.

But their plans to wait patiently were soon interfered with by the arrival at Zixi's court of

came so cross and disagreeable that even Zixi was provoked with him.

"Something really must be done," declared the queen. "I'll brew a magical mess in my witch-kettle to-night, and see if I can find a way to destroy those detestable Roly-Rogues."

Indeed, she feared the creatures would some day find their way into Ix; so when all the rest of those in the palace were sound asleep, Zixi worked her magic spell, and from the imps she summoned she obtained advice how to act in order to get rid of the Roly-Rogues.

Next morning she questioned Ruffles carefully.

"What do the Roly-Rogues eat?" she asked.

"Everything," said the dog; "for they have



F. RICHARDSON

"AND WHERE IS YOUR SON?" DEMANDED ZIXI."

the talking dog, Ruffles, which had with much difficulty escaped from the Roly-Rogues.

Ruffles brought to them so sad and harrowing a tale of the sufferings of the five high counselors and all the people of Noland at the hands of the fierce Roly-Rogues, that Princess Fluff wept bitterly for her friends, and Bud be-

no judgment, and consume buttons and hair-pins as eagerly as they do food. But there is one thing they are really fond of, and that is soup. They oblige old Tollydob, the lord high general, who works in the palace kitchen, to make them a kettle of soup every morning; and this they all eat as if they were half starving."

"Very good!" exclaimed the witch-queen, with pleasure. "I think I see a way of ridding all Noland of these monsters. Here is a Silver Vial filled with a magic liquid. I will tie it around your neck, and you must return to the city of Nole and carry the vial to Tollydob, the lord high general. Tell him that on Thursday morning, when he makes the kettle of soup, he must put the contents of the vial into the compound. But let no one taste it afterward except the Roly-Rogues."

"And what then?" asked Ruffles, curiously.

"Then I will myself take charge of the monsters; and I have reason to believe the good

bid me; for I long to free my master and have revenge on the Roly-Rogues."

So Queen Zixi tied the Silver Vial to the dog's neck by means of a broad ribbon, and he started at once to return to Nole.

And when he had gone, the queen summoned all her generals and bade them assemble the entire army and prepare to march into Noland again. Only this time, instead of being at enmity with the people of Noland, the army of IX was to march to their relief; and instead of bearing swords and spears, each man bore a coil of strong rope.

"For," said Zixi, "swords and spears are useless where the Roly-Rogues are concerned,



"QUEEN ZIXI TIED THE SILVER VIAL TO THE DOG'S NECK."

citizens of Noland will no longer find themselves slaves."

"All right," said the dog. "I will do as you

as nothing can pierce their tough, rubber-like bodies. And more nations have been conquered by cunning than by force of arms."

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Bud and Fluff, not knowing what the witch-queen meant to do, were much disturbed by these preparations to march upon the Roly-

"Why not try the magic cloak as it is," suggested the little princess, "and see if it won't grant wishes as before? There's only a



"AND MAY I WISH FOR ANYTHING I DESIRE?" SHE ASKED EAGERLY. (SEE PAGE 984.)

Rogues. The monsters had terrified them so greatly that they dreaded to meet with them again, and Bud declared that the safest plan was to remain in Zixi's kingdom and await the coming of the miller's son with the necktie.

"But," remonstrated Zixi, "in the meantime your people are suffering terribly."

"I know," said Bud; "and it nearly drives me frantic to think of it. But they will be no better off if we try to fight the Roly-Rogues and are ourselves made slaves."

small piece missing, and it may not make any difference with the power the fairies gave to it."

"Hooray!" shouted Bud. "That's a good idea. It's a magic cloak just the same, even if there is a chunk cut out of it."

Zixi agreed that it was worth a trial, so the cloak was taken from the silver casket and brought into the queen's reception-room.

"Let us try it on one of your maids of honor, first," said Fluff; "and, if it grants her wish, we will know the cloak has lost none of its

magic powers. Then you and Bud may both make your wishes."

"Very well," returned the queen, and she summoned one of her maids.

"I am going to lend you my cloak," said the princess to the maid; "and while you wear it you must make a wish."

She threw the cloak over the girl's shoulders, and after a moment's thought the maid said:

"I wish for a bushel of candies."

"Fudge!" said Bud, scornfully.

"No; all kinds of candies," answered the maid of honor. But, although they watched her intently, the wish failed, for no bushel of candies appeared in sight.

"Let us try it again," suggested Fluff, while the others wore disappointed expressions. "It was a foolish wish, anyhow; and perhaps the fairies did not care to grant it."

So another maid was called and given the cloak to wear.

"And may I wish for anything I desire?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course," answered the princess; "but,

as you can have but one wish, you must choose something sensible."

"Oh, I will!" declared the maid. "I wish I had yellow hair and blue eyes."

"Why did you wish that?" asked Fluff, angrily, for the girl had pretty brown hair and eyes.

"Because the young man I am going to marry says he likes blondes better than brunettes," answered the maid, blushing.

But her hair did not change its color, for all the wish; and the maid said, with evident disappointment:

"Your magic cloak seems to be a fraud."

"It does not grant foolish wishes," returned the princess, as she dismissed her.

When the maid had gone Zixi asked:

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"Yes," acknowledged Fluff. "The cloak will not grant wishes unless it is complete. We must wait for the sailorman's necktie."

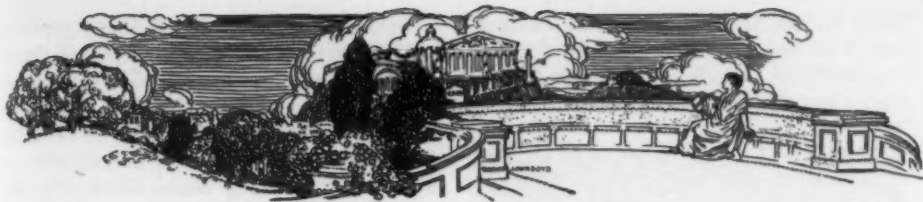
"Then my army shall march to-morrow morning," said the queen, and she went away to give the order to her generals.

(To be concluded.)



F. RICHARDSON

"HE STARTED AT ONCE TO RETURN TO HOLE."



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT ARCHITECTURE.

BY LUCIA AMES MEAD.

ALMOST as much can be learned about ancient nations from looking at what they made or built as by reading their writings and inscriptions. For the kind of buildings that any nation erected depended on several different things—climate, geography, building materials, religion, and government.

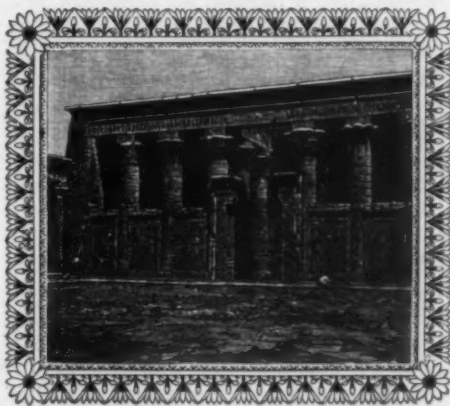
People in snowy Scotland, for instance, needed very different buildings from those who lived in sunny Italy. Some countries had forests and built many wooden houses, others had great quarries and so made use of massive stone, and other countries that had little stone or wood but had great beds of clay, like ancient Assyria, built their palaces and temples of burnt clay made into bricks. People who lived among the mountains or by the sea, as did the people of Greece and Italy, built differently from those who lived on the level plains of Asia or Africa. Some nations had many gods and built temples for the kind of worship that their particular religion required. Christian nations lavished their skill and money on grand cathedrals, convents, and cloisters.

In countries where the ruler was a despot, great palaces were built by slaves, but where there was no great monarch, as in ancient Greece, there were no grand private buildings, but the finest work was put into great public buildings for the people.

Yes, if all the books and records in the world were burned we should still be able to trace the customs and ideas of ancient nations by the structures and works of art that they have left.

In Egypt and Palestine the climate was warm, and consequently homes were built with flat roofs, on which the dwellers could sit in the eve-

ning; whereas in snowy regions houses were built with slanting roofs to shed snow and rain. In Egypt were few trees or brooks or clouds—only a wide, sandy plain, a great river, and an immense, unbroken arch of blue sky. The architecture was on an immense and simple scale, just like the scenery. As the ancient religion laid great stress on immortality and it was thought very important to preserve the mummies of the dead, enormous tombs were among the chief structures. Great quarries of building-stone, hordes of slaves, and one great despot ruling over all made it possible to build the temples



EGYPTIAN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

and huge pyramids. From paintings and carvings on the temples and tombs one may learn a great deal more about how these wonderful Egyptians lived and dressed and carried on their trades and commerce than any of their writings could tell us.

Neither the Egyptians nor any peoples in

Africa or Asia have influenced very much the present architecture and decoration of the nations in Europe. Each of the Persian, East Indian, Chinese, and Japanese nations had an



THE DORIC STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

interesting art of its own, but Europeans, as a whole, did not know much about it until the nineteenth century. Now we have the wares of all these peoples in our shops, though we do not often imitate their buildings.

As we go through the handsome streets of the rich cities of America we behold many costly houses, some beautiful and some only showy, and not beautiful. Any one who knows the history of art is much interested to see how all over them, in their pillars and arches, and cornices and roofs, there are designs and forms which the architect did not invent, but which were first made over two thousand years ago in Greece and Rome.

Not only are half of our English words and a great many of our laws and customs and ideas founded on those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, but so are our architecture and decoration. If we wish to understand ourselves we must know a great deal about the Romans and Greeks; just as if we wish to know all about a man we must know something about his father and the home in which he was brought up.

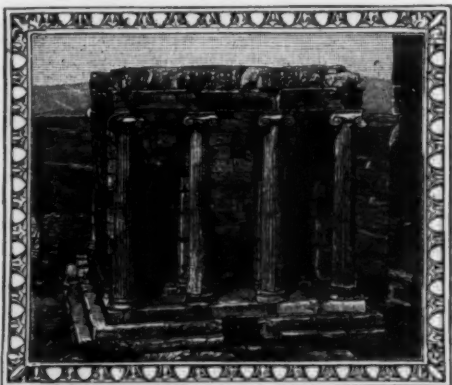
Greek art was very different from Egyptian, for the country of Greece and the religion and government and customs of the Greeks were different from those of the Egyptians. Greece had no great desert or great river. The Greeks were unlike the Egyptians, too, in not caring as much for huge, strong things as for delicate, beautiful ones. Their art was in keeping with their snow-capped peaks and rosy clouds, and groves and brooks and mossy fountains. There never was a people with a greater love for exquisite curves and noble proportions.

Their quarries of fine, white marble gave them just the right material into which they could cut firm and delicate lines. Their freer government encouraged every man to work out his own thoughts, as the slaves who built the pyramids under a master's whip could never have done.

If we want to enjoy our fine public buildings and to get much pleasure as we walk along the street we need to know enough to recognize



THE CORINTHIAN ORDER OF ARCHITECTURE.



THE IONIC STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

some of the beautiful designs that our architects have copied from those the Greeks invented twenty-five hundred years ago. Our architects rarely get such delicate lines as the Greeks did.

Every race and every age unconsciously write their character in the buildings which they erect, in the kind of furniture they put in them, and the kind of streets on which they place them. If a great American city were buried 2000 years under a mass of ashes, as Pompeii was, and was then excavated, it would be plainly seen what manner of people had lived in it. Our "sky-scrapers" and tunnels and mechanical conveniences would show how ingenious we were and how our laws permitted every man to build without regard to shutting off his neighbor's sunshine; they would show how we did business and how we cared chiefly for saving time and making money. Our city would show that we cared less for beauty than men did in former times. It would show that a few people were as rich as kings and lived in palaces, but that there were hundreds of thousands who were living in crowded tenements like ants in an anthill. Our school-buildings would show how we cared for education and our churches would indicate our manner of worship. All our good and bad qualities would be revealed by the things we had made, even if all the books about us had perished.

The Greek temples were rather long and low, and frequently had rows of beautiful pillars around the sides as well as at the front and rear. These pillars had grooves that ran from top to bottom and cast pleasant shadows. There were three kinds of pillars. The plainest ones that had no base and rested flat on the floor were called *Doric*. The slender pillars that rested on a base decorated with moldings and were finished at the top with a block of stone called a "capital," that looked like a cushion with its ends tucked under, were called *Ionic*. These beautiful *Ionic* pillars have been copied in many public buildings in our own country. The third kind of pillars was called *Corinthian*. These were also slender and, like the *Ionic*, had a base, but their capitals were carved to represent leaves. Extending across the top of the pillars was a band of stone which was divided lengthwise by little grooves into three parts. Above that was a row of carved blocks of stone.

In the triangular space under the gable were groups of figures. This space was called the "pediment." In the cornice were rows of little

blocks called "dentils," because they look like a row of teeth. Whenever we find an English word beginning with "d-e-n-t," like dentist or dentistry, or dentil, we may know that it has something to do with teeth. In many places on the Greek temples were bands of ornamentation called "tongue and egg" moldings, because they look like rows of eggs with long, sharp tongues between them. Greek moldings and capitals may be seen on thousands of buildings in America. The Greeks built beautiful gateways and market-places and open-air theaters, and sometimes beautiful tombs.

The Romans had a religion and climate and building-materials that were much like those of the Greeks, but they had a different government and were a less refined people. Their art was a good deal like the Greeks', but coarser and more mechanical. Their curves could be made with a compass. Their ornamentation was often heavy and overdone. They were, however, in advance of the Greeks in some things.



THE ITALIAN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

They knew how to conquer all kinds of people and keep them all together and loyal to Rome.

In their buildings they used arches made of several stones held together by a middle stone called the "keystone," just as all the different

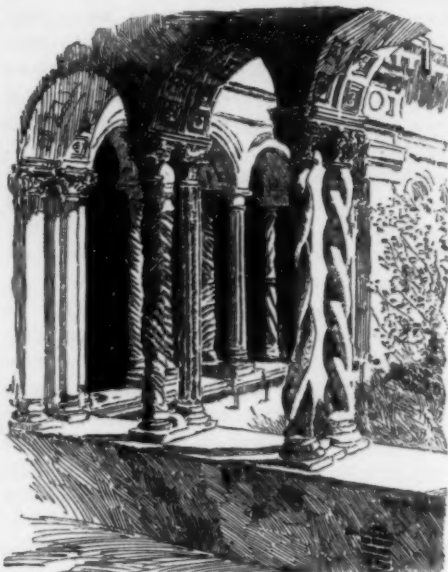
parts of the Roman world were held together by Rome. The use of the arch was new and important. It made it possible to erect much higher and stronger buildings than the Greeks had. Their arches were like a half-barrel. One of their most wonderful buildings was the Pantheon, at Rome, which had a broad, low dome held up without any pillars or support.

After the Roman world became Christianized we find that the most beautiful and important buildings were churches. In western Europe these were almost always built in the shape of a Latin cross. The long part was called a "nave" and the cross-piece was called a "transept." For many centuries these had the Roman arches over the doors and windows.

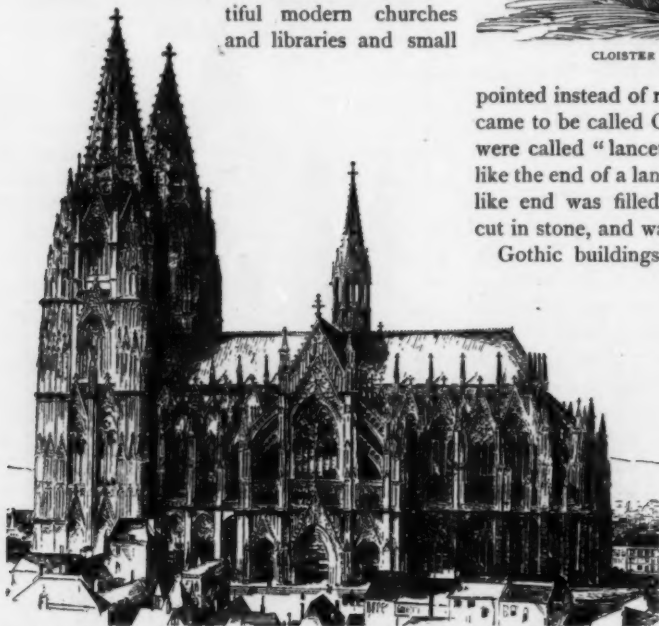
Gradually a new style, very different from the old Roman or classic style, became common. The churches had thick walls and small windows and square towers. The pillars and the carvings were totally unlike those familiar in the classic buildings of Greece and Rome.

Some of our most beautiful modern churches and libraries and small

Not far from the year 1200 A.D. another style of building began to be seen, which had a



CLOISTER IN ST. PAUL'S, ROME.



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL. A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

pointed instead of round arch. This new style came to be called Gothic. At first its windows were called "lancet" windows, as they looked like the end of a lancet. After a time the lance-like end was filled in with beautiful patterns cut in stone, and was called "decorated."

Gothic buildings increased in number, and in three hundred years France, Germany, Spain, and England had not only hundreds of great churches, but city halls and private houses built in this style. The walls were thinner than the Romanesque walls and the windows were larger, as glass was becoming more common. The weight of the roof might have pushed the walls out if it had not

railway-stations are built somewhat in this old style, which is called Romanesque.

been for rows of stone braces, called "buttresses," that braced the walls up between the win-

dows. The Gothic churches often had spires rising from their towers. These were placed at the front of the church, and a smaller spire was often put just over the spot where the nave and transept crossed, as shown in the picture of Cologne Cathedral.

About the time Columbus discovered America another style was coming into common use. Men began, after so many centuries, to think again of the Greeks and Romans and to build splendid churches and showy palaces in a style that was largely borrowed from the Romans. They built the most magnificent domes the world ever saw. St. Peter's Church at Rome, St. Paul's in London, and later, our Capitol in Washington, were built in this style, which is called the Renaissance. Renaissance means new birth and stands for a new birth, or new interest, in old or classic ideas.

Most of the court-houses and city halls and state-houses in America are built of this style.

There are many different kinds of Gothic and Renaissance buildings as, of course, each century and each country had its own particular variety.

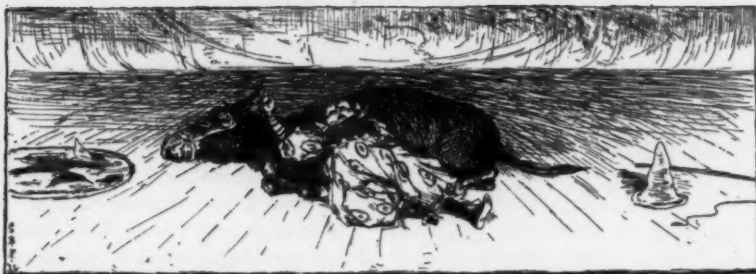
We put up buildings of Classic, Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance styles on the same street, suiting them to our own needs. Many of our buildings are of no particular style. There is no reason why we should invent a wholly new style. It is better for us to use the old forms wisely and develop them to suit modern needs.

It is often said that a little learning is a dangerous thing, for it makes people, who know only a little, conceited and critical. But, on the other hand, we must have a little learning before we can have much, and a little learning may make us ambitious, instead of conceited. It may open our eyes to a thousand new, interesting things in every-day life.

A little knowledge about architecture is more of a help, too, than a little knowledge about most other subjects. It is more important for the average American to learn to look at his city intelligently than it is to know what are the tributaries of the Amazon, or how many men were killed at the battle of Salamis, or a hundred other things, no more important, which he has spent much of his time in learning.



PAYING THE DOCTOR'S BILL.



WHAT UNCLE TOM DID.

BY ELIZABETH PRICE.

HE was the picture of innocence. His big brown eyes were meek and patient, his very long ears drooped resignedly, and he had a way of puckering his loose lips that gave him a most pathetic expression. The children hailed his advent into the family with shouts of joy and assurances of undying devotion, to all of which Uncle Tom responded with a subdued and polite nicker that completed his work of conquest on the spot.

"He is perfectly safe, Hester. The man who sold him declared I could trust him with the children at any and all times," said Mr. Thompson, trying to reassure his wife, who eyed with suspicion anything in mulish guise.

"Why did he want to sell him?" she demanded, still holding Baby Charlie out of the reach of those slim, unmoving hoofs.

"He belonged to a third-rate theatrical troupe," explained Mr. Thompson. "They've been playing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' through the small towns in the State, and they claim this animal has many clever tricks at his command. Their funds gave out and they stranded here. The company has disbanded and they are selling their property possessions to raise money enough to get away on. I happened to see this little donkey, and when I thought what pleasure he would give the children I couldn't resist the temptation. So I bought him and named him without delay.

"He seems perfectly gentle — has probably had the spirit beaten out of him, poor brute. You wouldn't hurt a fly, would you, old fellow?"

and Mr. Thompson patted the shaggy, mouse-colored back. Once more the polite nicker came in response. The children shrieked with delight. "He answered, papa, he surely did. Oh, is n't he smart?" Uncle Tom parted his lips, as if smiling, and stood quite still until his new master lifted the baby on his back and led him toward the barn-yard, while Mrs. Thompson held her breath and waited for the catastrophe that didn't happen.

From that day Uncle Tom was—at least in his own estimation—the most important member of the Thompson family.

The trickeries of the creature were past belief, for besides those inbred in his nature, he had acquired many through the careful training of a clown, with whom he had been associated in a circus.

Fasten him as they would, leaving him to mourn in solitude while they played croquet or ball, in the midst of the game he would appear, smiling, frisking, getting directly in front of everybody and putting a stop to everything. If the children were given a between-meal treat Uncle Tom must share it; if they ran he ran, when they stopped he stopped. On one occasion when some workmen were repairing the furnace of the village church, he sauntered into one of the unused rooms in the basement, and frightened the poor old sexton by braying a vociferous "good morning," through the vine-clad casement-window.

Finally the novelty began to wear away. The children grew tired of a pet so unruly and

rather resented his attitude of self-satisfied independence.

And Mrs. Thompson rebelled. "George, for six months I've borne in silence with that unbearable animal," she said to her husband that evening. "I have come now to the place where patience ceases to be a virtue. My flower-beds are wrecks, the windows require daily attention, the children have no peace at their play, and visitors are frightened out of their senses by his unexpected appearance and ear-splitting bray. I can't be so annoyed any longer."

"Very well, I'll sell him to the first man, woman, or child who'll give me half what I paid for him. You can make yourself easy on that score, Hester," said Mr. Thompson.

"Very well, George. I'm quite willing."

The next day Mrs. Thompson and the children left home for a week's visit to grandfather. Mr. Thompson was to take his meals down town and sleep at home, and he boasted much of the blissful quiet and content he should enjoy. But after a day or two the content seemed to ooze away and the quiet began to pall upon him, so he invited his friend Fielding to spend a night with him. By way of extra hospitality, the host kindled the first fire of the season in the big base-burner that stood in the sitting-room, close by the bedroom door. The air out of doors was chilly and held a nip of frost, and the two men drew close to the fire, which, however, did not behave as well as it might, sullenly refusing to burn, and smoking badly now and then.

They sat late over their papers and cigars and

when, at last, they drowsily "turned in," neither one remembered to open the window. As for the stove, its many complicated dampers and drafts were as Egyptian puzzles to the man of the house, whose wife had always managed them; and the guest was a dweller in a down-



"ON ONE OCCASION HE SAUNTERED INTO ONE OF THE UNUSED ROOMS OF THE CHURCH BASEMENT."

town boarding-house, where hot air came through registers set in the walls. With no thought of danger these two grown-up innocents rolled into bed and soon slept the sleep of the just.

And while they still slept, in the early morn-

ing, the pet donkey, Tom, awoke in the stable and began to meditate. Not a child had been seen or heard of for two whole days. With a joyful nicker he broke loose from his stall, opened the stable-door, and kicked up his heels; then he set off at a lively pace for the house. Tap, tap, went the little feet on the board-walk, pausing at every window, as Uncle Tom rubbed his face against the glass and whimpered for the children. The shades were up and Uncle Tom could see two faces on the bed. Uncle Tom nickered and whimpered and whined, but there was no response and the children did not come.

Finally, tired of waiting, the little donkey passed to the window of the next bedroom, and, finding it closed, lowered his head slightly and deliberately pounded with his forehead on the window-pane. The first blow was without result, but the second shattered the pane. Delighted with the result thus far accomplished, the donkey laid back his ears and uttered a long-drawn bray that woke the echoes far and wide. The sudden rush of fresh air into the room dispelled the stupor that steeped Mr. Thompson's brain, and he opened his eyes. A deadly odor smote his dulled senses and a lethargy gripped his limbs. "Air—give me air!" he gasped, fighting feebly at the blankets. What could have happened—where were they all? Hester—the babies—Oh, if he could but reach the window—but the window was—so-o—fa-a-r. Then that awful noise recalled him to himself and he rose and staggered forward, only to fall to the floor trying with his last glimmer of consciousness to call his companion who lay as one already dead. At last the fresh air reached him, too, and he crawled over to the window of the communicating room.

Gathering his forces, Uncle Tom brayed a bray before which all his former efforts paled into insignificance. Again aroused by it, the limp figures in the room contrived to open another window. The rush of plenty of pure, bracing air gradually did its work, and Mr. Thompson managed to crawl to the door and call for help.

It was night before Mrs. Thompson could get to them, and the invalids had rallied con-

siderably, though still pitifully weak, and nervous enough to tremble as they told their tale. "Oh, my dear—my dear," exclaimed Hester, almost as pale as her husband, "it's no wonder you were suffocated without a breath of fresh air and not a damper in the right position! You know I told you particularly, George dear, that the base-burner was choked up everywhere and charged you to have the stove-man attend to it while I was away. It was unsafe to try to use it. I thought you knew."

"I—I believe you did say something about it," acknowledged the careless husband, meekly. "But I quite forgot, and anyhow I did n't suppose it made any special difference. It won't need cleaning now, Hester. We'll sell it for old iron to-morrow. But—I've decided not to sell Uncle Tom."

"Sell him! I rather think there is n't money enough to buy him—after—this!" The little woman choked in spite of her bravery as she remembered what her home-coming might have been. Then she resolutely choked back her tears, and made toast and tea, and shook out pillows and smoothed bedclothes, and drew the blinds and poked the fire—a cheery wood blaze in the dining-room—before which her two patients reclined in easy-chairs while regaining their strength.

It was quite late and dark as ink in the barn when somebody slipped past Billy's stall and Clover's, and laid loving arms about the little donkey's rough and shaggy neck; and somebody's voice stole into the silence with promises that never—*never*, should anybody have dear Uncle Tom except the family he had saved from a bereavement too terrible to be imagined.

"But for you my heart would be broken and my children would be orphaned! And to think I wanted you *sold*!"

Then the somebody slipped out again and laughed huskily at her own silliness as she hurried back toward the quiet house where life and happiness still reigned.

Mrs. Thompson looked up at the peaceful stars that twinkled cheerily back as she said fervently, "I thank God for all His blessings, and most of all, to-night, for Uncle Tom."



BOBBY IS GOING TO A PARTY!

A VISIT TO PLYMOUTH ROCK.

BY CORNELIA HICKMAN.



THE MILES STANDISH MONUMENT AT
DUXBURY, NEAR PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH has been called the cradle of New England. It is on the coast, thirty-eight miles south of Boston, and is a thriving and prosperous New England town, with good schools and churches, and town hall, and shops of all kinds, and comfortable homes.

On the flat strip of land that runs for miles up and down the shore of the bay, the diminutive white houses of the fishermen are crowded close together. In the center of the same

flat land-strip, flanked on both sides by the fishermen's homes, is a large, open square forty yards from the water-front. Here stands Plymouth Rock, the first sight of which gives one a mental shock, for, no doubt, fancy has pictured an immense boulder rising grandly out of the sea; but, instead, the visitor sees only an oblong, irregularly shaped gray sandstone rock twelve feet in length and five feet in width at the widest point and two at the narrowest. Across one part runs a large crack which has been filled with cement, and which gives to Plymouth Rock a highly artificial appearance. The origin of this crack is a bit of unique history, and bears evidence to the early differences that at times divided the inhabitants into two factions.

For a long time there waged spirited and

bitter wrangling between the opposing parties, and it even settled down upon the much-cherished Plymouth Rock, which one party declared ought to be removed to a more worthy position in the town square, and the other wranglers protested it should not be moved an inch from its position, even though they had to guard it with their pikes and guns.

Finally, the stronger faction drew up their forces around Plymouth Rock, and in attempting to remove it up the hill it split asunder, which seemed a bad omen for those who had attempted such a thing, until an ardent Whig leader flourished his sword, and by an eloquent appeal to the other zealous Whigs convinced them that they should not swerve from their plan of carrying the rock to a place in the town square.

"The portion that first fell to the ground belongs to us," he cried; "and that we will transport with all care and diligence to its proper home."

Twenty yoke of oxen drew the Whig section of Plymouth Rock up the hill, amid the shouts of the throng that pushed forward around the liberty-pole which was to mark the new site. The ceremony of dedicating the rock in its new position was very impressive, and the people stood with bared heads, and in reverent tones chanted their high-pitched psalms in token of thanksgiving.

In the town square this part of Plymouth Rock remained for more than half a century, when a committee of the council resolved to move it back to its original position, and join it, as best they could, to the other half. Accordingly, in 1834, on the morning of the Fourth of July, the Plymouth Rock had been reunited in all seriousness to its long-estranged portion, and the union made complete by a mixture of cement and mortar.

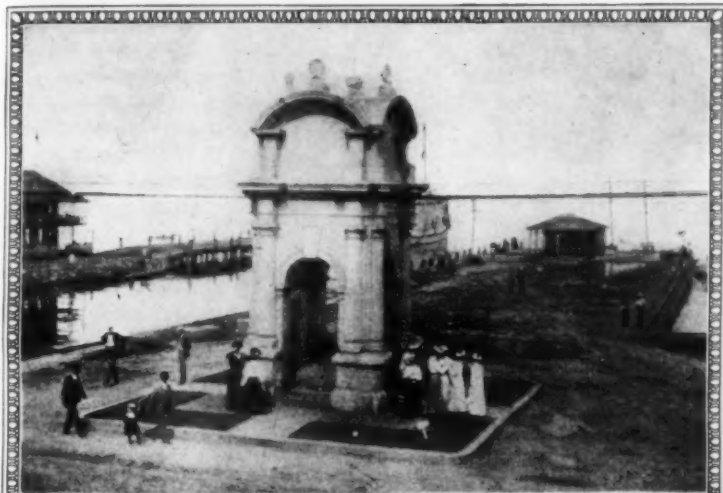
To-day four granite columns support a canopy of granite that offers Plymouth Rock an indifferent protection against the rain and the sun, and

serves to keep back, in some measure, the thousands of sight-seers that come to Plymouth with only one object in view, namely, to press up around the iron bars, and to gaze through them

"Why, of course it is Plymouth Rock! What else could it be?" answers the man to whom the question is addressed; but, nevertheless, looking a trifle skeptical himself as he regards it. "It's not much

to look at; but it's Plymouth Rock, just the same," he says in decisive tones.

From the wharf, with its fishing-boats and sail-boats ranged around its sides, one gets but an imperfect view of Plymouth Harbor and the sea beyond. Just climb the hill back of the fishermen's cot-



CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK.

at the revered rock, on which they see the single inscription, cut in the middle of its face in long, plain figures: "1620."

The rock is surrounded by a high iron railing composed of alternate boat-hooks and harpoons, and inscribed with the illustrious names of the forty men who drew up the Pilgrims' compact on board the *Mayflower* that No-

vember day, as they sighted the coast that henceforth was to be their home.

"And so this is Plymouth Rock?" some one asks doubtfully. "Are you sure?"



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

tages, on which the main portion of the town is built, and pass on to the summit of "Burying Hill," and from this high point the eye can take in the long, narrow beach; the bald

crown of "Captain's Hill" on the left; the "Gurnet" lights upon their rocky promontory that runs out into the sea where the steamers come

the *Mayflower* who had perished from cold and hunger. It was there on Captain's Hill that Miles Standish built him a substantial log-house,

in the vain hope that the Puritan Priscilla would one day become its mistress.

Far away to the north, beyond those distant hills yellow with fields of stubble, is Marshfield and the grave of Daniel Webster.

Viewed from the summit of Burying Hill, the scene is beautiful and restful, and one never to be forgotten.

Burying Hill might claim your attention for a week, with its ancient tombstones and their ingenu-



PLYMOUTH CEMETERY ON THE SITE OF THE WATCH-HOUSE.

ous inscriptions, that are so quaintly and, oftentimes, humorously worded that they provoke a smile in spite of yourself. It is the old Plymouth burying-ground, and occupies one of the highest cliffs that overlook the bay.

A road leads down from Burying Hill through the old part of the town, along the narrow and crooked streets, with their square-roofed houses and queer-looking stores and warehouses, and rope-walks that run into byways, up and down hill, and finally emerge upon the ruinous old wharf with its rotting piles projecting far out into the harbor.

Duxbury Beach, scarcely twenty rods in width, stretches from the mainland for miles to the southward, interposing its narrow barrier of drifting sand between the stormy Atlantic and the quiet Plymouth Harbor lit up by the October sun.

"Saqish Head" guards the inlet, that grows wider and wider, and the lonely, wind-swept cliff is the homestead of a score of hardy fishermen whose cabins look as if they were about ready to topple into the sea.

On one high point rises the statue of John Alden; and, at the foot of Captain's Hill, you see the smoothed-over sward where were buried John Carver and his gentle wife, who could not survive her husband's loss, and the bones of fifty of the unfortunate passengers of

Along Court street one goes, gazing at the houses on each side of the way, with scanty little front door-yards full of old-fashioned flowerbeds; at the square turrets of the more pretentious dwellings; at the steeples and cupolas of the churches on the different hills; at the shops, big and small, with green blinds and dingy white fronts, until he comes to the town hall, on the right-hand side of the street. The hall is of rough granite, with a wooden veranda

whose colonnades are Doric painted in imitation of granite. This building is "Pilgrims' Hall," and is seventy feet long and forty feet wide. The corner-stone was laid on the first of September, 1824, and the hall is divided into several rooms that are filled with interesting memorials and relics of the Pilgrims, and the *Mayflower*, and the early colonial days.

The principal apartment contains a large painting of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," by Henry Sargent. In the recesses of the windows are two old walnut chairs that came over in the *Mayflower*; the larger one belonged to Governor Carver, and the smaller one to William Brewster.

In a large glass case in this room there are many interesting relics, among which are the sword of Miles Standish; the clumsy-looking gun whose bullet killed the brave King Philip; a small iron pot and a dish that were brought over in the *Mayflower*; John Alden's Bible; some wearing apparel that was the property of Alice Bradford; watches, swords, seal-rings, flint-locks, stocks, and gauntlets that once belonged to prominent citizens of the colony.

In a frame on the wall in one room is a faded sampler worked by the dainty fingers of Lorea Standish. There is a deed signed by Miles Standish, and another bearing the signature of John Alden.

Here is a bond of Peregrine White, the first native Yankee, as he was the first child born in New England.

In an adjoining room is a portion of the library belonging to the Pilgrim Society. Here are the Indian Bible translated by John Eliot, "the Apostle to the Indians," and some inter-

esting books and manuscripts that were prized by the governors of Plymouth, for books were rare in those days. In the basement one sees some very thick boards, that might have formed a part of the hull of a small vessel, raised upon a platform. This is said to be a fragment of the *Mayflower*.

In this big underground room the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth has given many a dinner in commemoration of "Forefathers' Day," as December the twenty-second is styled.

Passing on from Pilgrims' Hall down the main street, one sees that the houses are generally built close upon the sidewalk, and that the lower stories are used as shops and stores.

Leyden Street is the oldest street in Plymouth.



THE HARLOW HOUSE, BUILT FROM TIMBER FROM THE OLD FORT.

Lots were laid out upon it within a week after the landing, and wooden gates were built at the ends of the street, and a stockade raised against a sudden attack from the Indians.

On Plymouth Hill stands the imposing statue to the Pilgrims. Its base is granite and supports a seated figure at each of the four corners, with eyes searching the surrounding country, while a woman's figure crowns the top. On the pedestal is inscribed the name of every man, woman, and child that came over in the *Mayflower*.

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

ELEVENTH PAPER.

COMPARING FORTUNY WITH VON PILOTY.



"THE SPANISH MARRIAGE." BY FORTUNY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENT & CO.)

MARIANO FORTUNY (BORN 1838, DIED 1874);
KARL THEODOR VON PILOTY (BORN
1826, DIED 1886).

IN Fortuny's picture "The Spanish Marriage" there is much beautiful detail to gladden the eye; in the canvas by Piloty, with its long title, a great deal to stimulate our interest in historical incidents. We already feel a curiosity to become acquainted with this particular one. We reach for a history to discover who these people are, and how they happen to find themselves in the circumstances represented; and, having read the story (which will be retold later in this article), we shall proceed to search the picture to identify the persons and see how the incident has been portrayed. All of which has, strictly

speaking, nothing to do with the appreciation of the painting, as a painting. On the other hand, to appreciate the "Spanish Marriage" we need no help from outside; the incident depicted explains itself. An elderly beau and young belle have been united in marriage at one of the altars in the church, and are now with bridesmaids and guests assembled in the sacristy to sign the register. For the rest, we are free to enjoy without any interruption the brilliant groups of figures and the exquisite delicacy of the great screen and the other details of the sacristy.

Again, let us contrast the two pictures from the point of view of composition. In Fortuny's the figures are sprinkled like gay flowers across the picture and surrounded by open

spaces; the impression produced being one of spaciousness and dignity, united to elegant sprightliness. In that of Piloty, however, the figures, following the line of a letter S, occupy almost all the composition. Except for the little piece of ground in front, and the view beyond the arch, there are no quiet spaces in the picture. Moreover, while Fortuny has massed his shade beyond the screen, giving a depth and mystery to the distance, Piloty has scattered his

in comparison with which Piloty's seems artificial and confused and broken up. Perhaps this is intentional; perhaps the artist sought in this way to create a suggestion of stupendous impressiveness, corresponding to the strange, tumultuous spectacle that the actual incident must have presented. If so, in order to attain his object he has sacrificed the unity of his picture, which as it now stands might almost be called a combination of several smaller pictures



"THUSNELDA AT THE TRIUMPH OF GERMANICUS." BY VON PILOTY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FACH.)

over the whole picture. It might be difficult to find a natural cause for the shadows striking where they do; but the artist's intention is clear enough—namely, to bring out strongly the center group composed of Thusnelda and her child and handmaids, and give a somewhat slighter prominence to the Emperor Tiberius. Below the latter are the lighted figures of the old priest and the German soldier to whom he is bound, which lead up, so to speak, to the central mass of light.

Now, while the composition of each picture is arranged with deliberate planning, Fortuny's is so excellent that the scene appears real and impresses us at once as a single harmonious whole,

—the group with the bear in the front; the group of women; the emperor's group; that of the senators at the back welcoming Germanicus, the conqueror—a set of separate incidents ingeniously linked together.

And now examine more closely the individual figures. Those in the "Spanish Marriage," how they brim with life and character! Note the attitude of the priest, as he rises from his seat and leans over the table while the bridegroom signs his name. What an elderly fop the bridegroom is, arrayed in his rich costume! The bride is in a white gown trimmed with flowered lace and has a wreath of orange-blossoms in her luxuriant black hair. She is toying with a

fan, enjoying its pretty decorations, while she listens to the remark of a girl friend, who leans forward with a most delightful gesture of dainty grace. How cleverly the artist has suggested in the conduct of all the people present that this union of age and youth is not an affair of the heart — not a real "love-match" as we say! Observe particularly the indifference which the couple sitting on the right display to what is going on; while an old man has removed to a far corner, and sits with his hat on his head, as if in contempt of the whole proceeding.

But in Piloty's picture, too, there is no lack of gestures and poses; every figure enacts some separate part in the drama; each is drawn with correctness and power. Yet, I suspect, the sum total of the impression that we receive is not so much of life and reality as of a great spectacle, such as one may occasionally see on the stage of a theater. The tableau has been arranged by an ingenious stage-manager, who has packed it with stirring situations and piled effect upon effect. The scene-painter and costumer having done their share, he has drilled the crowd of supernumeraries until every one of them knows what he is expected to do and does it with all his might, as if the success of the whole depended upon his individual effort. The result is overpowering and magnificent, but unreal, stagy. It is too ambitious and self-important. It reminds us of a high-sounding remark by a certain German historian who lived at the same time with Piloty. "We stand," he said, "on a summit overlooking the whole past. To bury one's self in the past, to get at the most essential meaning of its life, to renew what has vanished by art—such is the vivifying work of our time."

But is this picture vivifying? It may succeed in awakening knowledge of the past, but does it renew its life? Certainly it is interesting as an illustration of that page of history which relates how Thusnelda, the wife of Harminius, a German prince, was betrayed by her own father, Segestes, into the hands of the Romans, in order to curry favor with Germanicus, the Roman general. But Germanicus' success had aroused the jealousy of Tiberius. Roman emperors lived in constant fear of being dethroned by a victorious general, so Germanicus was recalled to Rome and allowed a "triumph," which

Thusnelda, the German queen, is compelled to adorn by walking in the procession as a captive, with her little son, and her handmaids. Her humiliation the miserable Segestes, her own father, who had betrayed her into the Romans' hands, is forced to witness. In the latter's bowed head may well be brooding a dread of Germanicus, and of vengeance against Rome, if these magnificent barbarians should ever discover their own strength and Rome's growing weakness.

After all, how much more effectively a writer could represent this scene! He would make you realize not only the outward appearance of the spectacle, but also the inward emotions that are stirring in the individual actors. He would fathom not only the thoughts in the brain of Tiberius, but those in the woman who proudly marches past him; those of the Roman ladies; of that priest and the German warrior to whom he is bound; of that woman on the left who raises her arm in anger at the captive queen; of the people applauding the victorious general; and of what lies concealed in the mind of the conqueror, calmly uplifted against the lighted distance.

The fact is that a picture of this sort, by attempting to represent so much, passes beyond the point at which it can give a single great, lasting impression; steps outside of its own special mission as a record of what the eye can grasp without assistance; and challenges rivalry with literature on the latter's own ground, and, therefore, naturally is worsted. Yes, a clever writer could represent this scene to our imagination and move our emotions much more vividly than this picture does.

Like most of the so-called historical painters, Piloty has selected a subject that will yield opportunity for striking contrasts and for display of his skill in drawing and archaeological learning; and then, by crowding the large canvas with learned details, cleverly represented, seeks to impose upon the spectator an impression of something grander than the ordinary—heroic. For, as a rule, the "historical" painter thinks that the representation of the life of his own day is vulgar. He has learned to draw the human form and draperies, in art schools, and then rummages amid the dust of antiquity to find

subjects that will demonstrate his skill. Turn to Piloty's picture and note the old priest in the foreground. The upper part of the body is represented nude, and the drapery below is so arranged that the old man could not possibly walk. What could be more obviously dragged in for effect?

Most of these painters are able draughtsmen, although their figures are generally coldly correct, or stilted and bombastic; but few of them are good painters. Piloty, however, was an exception. He received his education at the Munich Academy, under men who were inclined to boast that they were not painters and to look down on the "colorers," asserting that "form is everything." But after he had visited Venice, Antwerp, and Paris, he came back a skilful painter, who could render correctly the color-appearance of any object he represented. Munich was eager for something new, in art, and he obtained sudden and great popularity. In 1852 he was appointed professor at the Academy, and, through the great number of pupils who flocked to him and the influence that he exerted over Germany, he really revived in that country the art of painting.

For the Germans, like the English, are disposed to prefer a picture which tells a story. Piloty, as we have seen, chose historical subjects; but a very large part of modern German painting is occupied with the little pictures of social or peasant life, in which the personages, generally set in an interior, are enacting some pretty sentimental scene. They are, for the most part, cleverly painted, but usually, like Piloty's pictures, without any suggestion of inspiration, of real atmosphere or of remarkable skill. It is in this respect that Piloty is not a "painter" compared with Fortuny.

The latter, after receiving the usual academical training at the School of Fine Arts in Barcelona, won the prize which enabled him to go to Rome to pursue his art studies. But while he was studying the old masters in that famous city, war broke out between Spain and Morocco. Fortuny, then twenty-three years

old, received a commission from the town council of Barcelona to proceed to Africa and paint the exploits of the army. This experience of a few months changed the whole current of his life. The brilliance of the Moroccan sunshine, the glowing colors of the scenery, the richness of the costumes and the splendor of decorated trappings and weapons, the glittering movement of the life of the people—all these things fascinated him and drew all his imagination into the direction of light and color. Other painters before him had been attracted by the charms of the south, but none up to that time had so absorbed the inspiration of the color-splendors and the charm of the Oriental life.

At first he introduced these qualities into a series of Moroccan subjects; then passed on to pictures like our present one. They represent interiors decorated profusely in the style of Louis XV, known as *rococo*,* because the ornamentation included imitation of rockwork, shells, foliage, and intricacies of scroll-work. These countless details, and the gay silk and lace and velvet costumes of the period he learned to portray most skilfully.

His pictures sparkle like jewels and are as brilliant as a kaleidoscope. When he went to Paris he made a great sensation and became attached to the circle of which Meissonier was the leader. The latter's pictures are like his in the minuteness of their craftsmanship, but do not show the same exquisite color-sense. In fact, Fortuny himself set the fashion for a class of pictures filled with silks and satins, bric-à-brac and elegant trifling, distinguished by deftness of hand, but possessing no higher aim than to make a charming bouquet of color with glancing caprices of sunshine. Because they were painted with remarkable cleverness they attracted extravagant admiration; but now that clever painting has become general, their reputation has declined to that level which shallowness of motive always reaches.

In art as in life, a man must have a great and noble aim, to accomplish results that will be lasting.

* A French word made in imitation of the French word *rocaille*, rockwork, from *roche*, Middle Latin *roca*, a rock.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.



THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT FLEW O'ER THE SEA,
TO BE GONE FOR A MONTH OR SO.
BUT AT LAST THEY CAME DOWN IN A BIG MONKEY TOWN
IN THE HEART OF BORNEO.

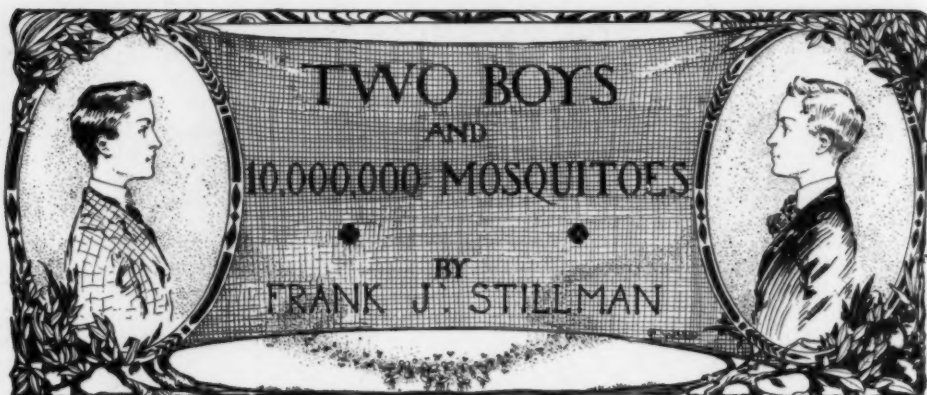
THE TIN-PEDDLER.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



Oh, the tin-peddler's life is happy and gay!
He 's up in the morning before it is day.
He sees the red dawn come up in the sky,
Birds sing in the hedges as he goes by;
The roosters are crowing their morning alarms,
The smoke rises high from the chimneys of
farms;

He sees the dew sparkling on corn in the
shock,
And the shepherd go forth to care for his
flock.
When the world is awaking he rides on the
road,
Sitting atop of his shining load.



THAT Zeb and Darwin were good fellows was admitted without debate, but while the "nine" buckled into hard practice every afternoon in early summer, and the first team hammered and butted the scrub eleven from one end of the gridiron to the other in the autumn, Zeb and Darwin "tinkered with some contrivance" or "studied a mess of dope in the laboratory."

Zeb Ferren was the son of a retired farmer. Darwin Russell's father published a weekly newspaper in Low Lake, a county-seat town of three thousand inhabitants. Notwithstanding the oft-repeated statement of his father that he must some day "run the farm," Zeb had steadfastly declared that he was going to be a doctor. When Mr. Ferren rented the farm and moved to Low Lake, Zeb, then sixteen, spotted the town library, got acquainted with the librarian, and had buried himself in a work on anatomy even before the parlor carpet had been laid in his new home.

Darwin Russell's mother declared time and again that he would certainly kill himself, or blow his hands off. Before he was fifteen Darwin had rigged a water-wheel, attached to the hydrant, to a jig-saw; connected the house and printing-office by telephone; built a motor-fan that drew its power from home-made gravity batteries down cellar, and scorched his eyebrows manufacturing "gas" from sulphuric acid and zinc. But when the "air-springs" on the cylinder-press at the printing-office balked, and the grease-besmeared, perspiring foreman crawled out from under the "bed" and raved

and spoke about a "junk pile," Darwin made a few passes with a monkey-wrench and the old "cylinder" began at once to reel off its 1200 impressions without a jar.

Zeb and Darwin were class-mates in the third year, and their acquaintance quickly grew into very close companionship. Darwin, who had hitherto followed, all alone, his bent for chemistry, electricity, and mechanics, found great joy and inspiration in the fellowship of a boy after his own heart's desire, and Zeb, coming for the first time within the precincts of a real "laboratory," fairly reveled in the opportunities afforded.

The spring rains, the year after Mr. Ferren moved to town, broke all previous records in that part of the country. For weeks farmers were unable to do a stroke of work in the fields, and it was June when settled weather came and crops were finally in. Low, marshy places had developed into shallow lakes, and puddles stood about everywhere. Mosquitoes began to appear. They had never before been seen in such swarms as swept over the town. And such mosquitoes! Big, ferocious mosquitoes that followed their victims like wolves and left upon them marks that stung for hours.

Within a week the people of Low Lake were up in arms. Finally the town council grappled with the question. The National Mosquito Extinction Society was appealed to for aid, and advised the use of coal-oil upon all standing waters in town and vicinity. The secretary, in replying to the council's letter, went into the matter with some detail. He wrote:

The female mosquito deposits from 150 to 400 eggs upon the water; in five days these eggs become larvæ or "wrigglers," and about five days later emerge from the water full-fledged mosquitoes. During this second period the wiggler must frequently come to the surface to breathe. Oil upon the water prevents this, and the insect perishes in a few moments. The life of the mosquito is comparatively brief, and if the wrigglers are prevented from maturing the insects soon disappear.

Great activity followed the receipt of these suggestions. A car-load of coal-oil was ordered by telegraph. Town and adjacent country were divided into districts, and half the men and boys in town as volunteer field-workers, clad in overalls and armed with big sprinklers, sought the watery haunts of the pestiferous insect and poured oil upon the trouble-breeding waters in the marshes and ponds.

But weeks dragged along into a month, bringing no appreciable relief, and there were signs of discouragement. Enough oil to kill all the wrigglers in the State had been used, yet the ranks of the mosquitoes were promptly recruited from somewhere.

In response to another letter to the National Mosquito Extermination Society, the following telegram was received:

Experienced New Jersey mosquito expert will arrive Low Lake Thursday; prepare to proceed under his direction.

The expert came and declared the work to be lacking in thoroughness. "Thoroughness is the price of success," said he; "unless every pond, puddle, or receptacle—every unused well or cistern, every tin can, broken bottle, or hoof-print of cattle, every spot capable of holding exposed water is drained, or the surface covered with oil, you will fail to obtain satisfactory results. On the other hand, mosquitoes cannot breed without standing water and if you are thorough and persistent, deliverance will come."

A town council meeting was held and, after much debate, it was decided that lasting relief could be found only in the costly plan of draining the marshes. The season was too far advanced, so the plans were laid for the following spring.

During the remainder of the summer Zeb and Darwin wrought valiantly with the other oil-sprinklers. Several times Darwin had expressed the belief that a method of exterminating the hungry hordes could be devised.

"I've got it," he exclaimed, meeting Zeb one morning, late in September, on the way to school.

"Got what?" said Zeb, in alarm.

"You know, about the boll weevil and the devastation it has wrought in the cotton-fields of the South," said Darwin, excitedly. "Well, the Secretary of Agriculture has just imported from Guatemala a species of red ant that, when introduced into the cotton-fields, makes short work of the weevil—cleans 'em out as a ferret does rats in a barn. There is our cue: we will import some sort of an insect that will destroy the mosquitoes. I read the other day that Persia, which has a climate similar to ours, has no mosquitoes. Let's write to some one there."

The next day a letter was despatched to the United States Minister at Teheran, Persia. It read as follows:

DEAR MR. MINISTER: During the summer just past our town has been afflicted with a plague of mosquitoes, due to excessive rains and near-by marshes. We have fought them with coal-oil and other weapons without success. We are informed that mosquitoes are unknown in certain parts of Persia, and we thought this might be due to their having been exterminated or driven away by some other insect. If this is the case and it is not asking too much, we would like to have you send us by mail some of the insects, so that we may turn them loose on our mosquitoes. We are boys in the third year of the high school. This is our own scheme and a secret. If you could know how our people have suffered all summer, you would, we are sure, go to some trouble, if need be, to help us. Hoping to hear from you with the mosquito-destroying insects, if such insects there be, and assuring you of our appreciation, we are,

Yours with great respect,
DARWIN RUSSELL,
ZEB FERREN.

P.S. We inclose newspaper-clippings telling what a fearful time we have had.

United States Minister,
Legation United States of America,
Teheran, Persia.

Zeb and Darwin mailed their letter with full knowledge that several weeks must elapse before a reply could be received. In the meantime a laboratory was fitted up in a spare, vacant room in Darwin's home, and here it was proposed to carry on the experiments.

They procured a jar of pond water containing wrigglers, and placed it in a woven-wire screen. Within a week the wrigglers had dis-

appeared and hundreds of adult mosquitoes swarmed within the cage.

In the course of nearly two months, they received a letter from the secretary of the Persian legation saying that, so far as he knew, there were mosquitoes everywhere in Persia.

For a few moments neither boy spoke; then Zeb said with bitterness, "It 's just as I was afraid. Darwin, we 're on the wrong track."

"Well," groaned Darwin, "we have several hundred thousand game mosquitoes on hand at bargain prices; I suppose we might as well take the big cage out and make a bonfire of them."



"THE LOW, MARSHY PLACES HAD DEVELOPED INTO SHALLOW LAKES."

"No, we may need them," said Zeb. "I have another scheme. I propose that we tackle the insect from another quarter; that we poison him, smother the whole army at one stroke. My idea is to discover a combination of chemicals that will produce a gas that will prove fatal to mosquitoes without injuring the delicate cells of the human lungs. What we want is a gas heavier than air, so that it may be diffused in the upper air and descend."

"That 's a grand scheme on paper, but is it possible to discover or produce such a gas?" inquired Darwin.

"It 's certainly worth an earnest, persistent effort," responded the farmer's son, with animation. "Remember how Mme. Curie, the French-

woman, toiled in her meager laboratory for ten years, working away at apparently worthless pitch-blende; trying endless analyses and combinations, and how in the end she gave to the world that wonderful new element, radium, and jarred the very foundations of chemistry itself. The mosquito, undoubtedly, possesses a weak spot; we have our own and the high-school laboratory at hand and a plentiful supply of insects; we may yet discover the vulnerable point."

"First, let us get down to bed-rock," continued Zeb, "and make lists of all known gases;

then get away from the beaten path and dig up some new combination of elements. That is our only hope. If no known gas is fatal to mosquitoes and not injurious to man, then we must produce an entirely new gas, and it must descend instead of rise in the air."

Then, day after day and week after week, the youthful chemists worked and experimented. Gases without number were produced; some mild and odorless; occasionally a mixture that drove

them precipitously from the laboratory. Yet the mosquitoes thrived and multiplied, apparently unconscious that science sought their undoing.

"What 's that?" inquired Darwin, as Zeb entered the laboratory one afternoon in the late spring and drew a baking-powder can from his pocket.

"That 's what I would like to know," said Zeb, exhibiting a powdery, yellowish substance. "The men drilling the new well for the town struck a five-foot vein of it at a depth of 320 feet; I don't suppose it possesses chemical properties of any value to us, although it does have an odd odor and is slightly acid."

A sample of the material was submitted to

Professor Hanson, the chemistry teacher, who declared he had never seen anything like it before. Professor Hanson was deeply interested in the new substance and mailed a sample to Dr. Tanning, of the government Bureau of Chemistry. As a precautionary measure, Zeb carried a pailful of the yellow mineral home and put it in a dark corner in the cellar.

In about a week Professor Hanson received a letter from Dr. Tanning asking for further information concerning the sample mineral, and requesting that a larger quantity be sent by express. The yellow mineral was unknown at the Department. In honor of the discoverer, Professor Hanson named the substance "ferrenite."

In the meantime Darwin and Zeb had made numerous unsuccessful experiments with it. When dry, unslaked, and saturated with coal-oil it burned with a violet flame and diffused a pungent odor, but the mosquitoes appeared unaffected by it.

But Darwin says he will never forget the staggering sight he beheld one morning when he entered the laboratory. The bottom of the big cage lay an inch deep with dead mosquitoes; not a live insect could be seen.

At the close of school the boys hurried back to the laboratory. Suddenly Zeb walked to the side of the room where innumerable bottles stood upon shelves; seemed to be scrutinizing something closely; then burst out with: "Hurrah, we've got it; see here, the mosquitoes were simply smothered, asphyxiated; whoopee!"

What Darwin saw was an overturned bottle of sulphate of zinc solution, carelessly placed on the shelf, a small portion of the contents of which had spilled into a flat tin box containing a bit of the unknown yellow mineral. There were unmistakable evidences that chemical action had taken place.

"We can settle that question very quickly; let's see what the effect is: here, pour some sulphate on this fresh stuff," shouted Darwin, in a delirium of excitement; "that will prove if you are correct."

That the two substances produced a gas was speedily proven. When the sulphate of zinc fell upon the yellow mineral, a violent effervescing occurred, which caused an odor unlike anything the young chemists had ever before

known. Furthermore, it was found that the gas fell to the floor. Darwin and Zeb were in a state bordering on hysterics over their accidental discovery and the circumstantial evidence so strongly pointing toward success, yet just a shadow of doubt tempered their joy.

"We've got our heavy gas, all right; now we'll try it—great guns! Zeb, we have n't a solitary mosquito to experiment on, and I don't suppose there is one this side of Florida!"

Again they were forced to raise their own mosquitoes, which they succeeded in doing within the next three weeks.

After they had transferred enough insects to the "mosquito cage," a small bit of ferrenite was dropped into the zinc solution, sizzling and bubbling, and the boys stooped to note the effect on the victims in the cage on the floor. Suddenly the mosquitoes in the upper section fell to the bottom, and as the gas wave quickly descended, all perished.

"What does this mean?" cried Mrs. Russell, hurrying upstairs and throwing open the laboratory door. "Is the house on fire, or are you both killed or maimed. Judging by the sounds, a band of Indians has taken possession of the house."

The boys apologized, said they were all right and happy, and Mrs. Russell, still with an anxious face, departed. Wild with delight Darwin and Zeb were tempted to herald their great discovery, but finally concluded to wait. A gas fatal to mosquitoes had been discovered, that was certain; the practical value of the discovery and its effect in open air remained to be proved.

Later on, an experiment under conditions that would enable them to decide more accurately what might be expected of the gas out of doors was made in the mammoth old roller-skating rink. Two small cages of mosquitoes were placed on the floor at either end of the building. Perched on one of the cross-beams supporting the roof, Darwin immersed a small piece of ferrenite in the sulphate of zinc solution. In less than a minute the insects were dead.

Professor Hanson was incredulous when informed of the discovery,—having first given a pledge of silence,—and not until he had witnessed a demonstration in the rink would he

believe. Even then he shook his head and declared the boys were playing a trick on him. The two fathers were let into the secret and scouted the theory, and only believed it, if indeed they did believe, when they saw live mosquitoes fall dead.

The latter part of May was at hand, and the sub-committee of the town council, assisted by a drainage engineer, had advertised for bids on the big work of cutting through the hills and draining the marshes. The cost was variously estimated at from \$15,000 to \$20,000. Zeb and Darwin determined to stay proceedings before the contract had been let and it was too late. Editor Russell was consulted and advised the boys to go before the council and make a statement.

"But we can't present the matter as it should be presented," protested Darwin.

"Yes, you can; you are the only ones able to demonstrate and explain your theory," rejoined his father. "Go ahead; make an appointment for a hearing, tell the council what you can do, and offer to prove your claims. They'll hear you. See the mayor to-day and ask for half an hour to-morrow night."

Mayor Davis's consent for a hearing was readily obtained, and the boys were promptly on hand at the Tuesday evening meeting. Darwin declared he could not make a speech, and Zeb was forced to proceed. In a straightforward, quiet way the young man reviewed the experiments, omitting minor details, concluding with the statement that a gas, fatal to mosquitoes, produced by inexpensive chemicals, harmless to man, had been discovered. Generated in the upper air the gas settled, destroying mosquitoes and their larvæ; practical experiments had proved this; it would be a pleasure to demonstrate the operation of the gas to the honorable council at its convenience.

Naturally the proposition amazed and staggered the town officials, yet the very audacity of the scheme and the high standing and reputation of the young men, compelled earnest consideration. Of course the council would be glad to witness a demonstration, and would respect the request that secrecy be maintained.

The experiment was in every way similar to those previously made in the laboratory, and a

majority of the "city fathers" at its conclusion said they were satisfied the gas would destroy mosquitoes. The effect of the gas in open air, with wind, rain, and varying climatic conditions, however, remained to be proved. By vote of five to one it was decided to postpone awarding the contract for the marsh drainage, pending conclusive proof of the results of the gas.

It was, of course, no longer possible to keep the discovery secret, and before night it was upon every tongue. Opinions varied as to the value of the scheme. One newspaper ridiculed the idea. Mayor Davis, however, stoutly declared his faith in the new theory.

With the rapid increase of mosquitoes a good deal of uneasiness as to the outcome prevailed, even among those who had great faith in the young chemists, and Zeb and Darwin began to feel the strain of heavy responsibility. The skeptical ones boldly declared the whole business to be child's play, and severely censured the city authorities for allowing themselves to be led away from a plan that insured lasting relief by a couple of dabsters in science — well-meaning but imaginative boys with a veritable will-o'-the-wisp scheme.

Announcement had been made that the demonstration would occur Saturday evening, June 28, at 7:30. News of the wonderful discovery of an insect-destroying gas by two high-school boys had been heralded throughout the country, and such interest was everywhere aroused over the prospective experiment and its far-reaching effects, that correspondents representing the leading daily papers, and eminent scientific men began to arrive Friday, and by Saturday noon rooms in Low Lake's two hotels were at a premium. The townspeople were keyed to the highest pitch of excitement.

Zeb and Darwin had employed their time in careful preparation for the event that should make them famous or cover them with the blight of permanent ridicule. At their suggestion four spliced poles seventy feet long and fitted with tackle, were erected near the four corners of town. From these heights and from the flag-pole in the courtyard square, at the center of the town, the gas would be generated.

The evening was peaceful and balmy; in fact, rather too "close," if anything, for per-

sonal comfort. At seven o'clock the last narrow rim of the sun disappeared behind the low hills. It seemed that almost the entire population of the town, big and little, had business in the vicinity of one of the five centers of interest, and one might have fancied it to be Fourth of July night. Everybody fought mosquitoes, which, evidently scenting abundant prey, were present in tremendous numbers.

On the stroke of the half-hour bell, Zeb and Darwin, assisted by their fathers and Professor Hanson, stationed at the foot of their respective poles, hauled seventy feet in the air five granite-ware pails of sulphate of zinc solution, into which had been placed that instant several pounds of the yellow mineral.

After a seeming age of breathless waiting—eighty-five seconds to be exact—during which the dead silence was unbroken save for the swish of a hat or the slap of a hand when the mosquitoes became particularly vicious, those nearest the poles detected a slight odor; strange though not unpleasant, followed almost instantly by the cessation of that familiar humming. A moment before and the air had seemed alive with ferocious mosquitoes; now they had disappeared. As if by magic the intolerable plague had been abated; deliverance had come!

From the five sections of town, almost simultaneously rose the sound of cheers, augmented by other shouts, as the descending wave reached and destroyed the insects, until the town rang with a mighty and prolonged roar of voices.

In the exuberance of his joy, Dick Tyler, the novelty-store man, dragged out the remnant of his last year's Fourth of July stock of fireworks, and soon the sky was ablaze with screeching rockets, bursting mines, and hissing candles. Attracted by the display, the people from all quarters assembled in the courtyard and high carnival reigned until midnight. Low Lake went wild over an evening out-of-doors without a battle with hungry mosquitoes.

The busiest man in town that night was

Harry Roberts, operator at the telegraph office. By ten o'clock he had more "copy" on his desk than had been sent out of Low Lake in a year, with a dozen newspaper men fighting him for a single wire. All night long he hammered the "key" while the correspondents fumed and threatened.

The next day the scientific men met, pronounced the experiment a success, and passed resolutions of a complimentary character.

During the following week the public pulse reached normal, the nights being mosquitoless except for a few lonesome stragglers. The fatal gas diffused from two poles erected at either end of the marshes speedily put an end to all survivors and wigglers, and its use twice a week, at a cost of \$10 per month during the summer, brought final relief from touring insects.

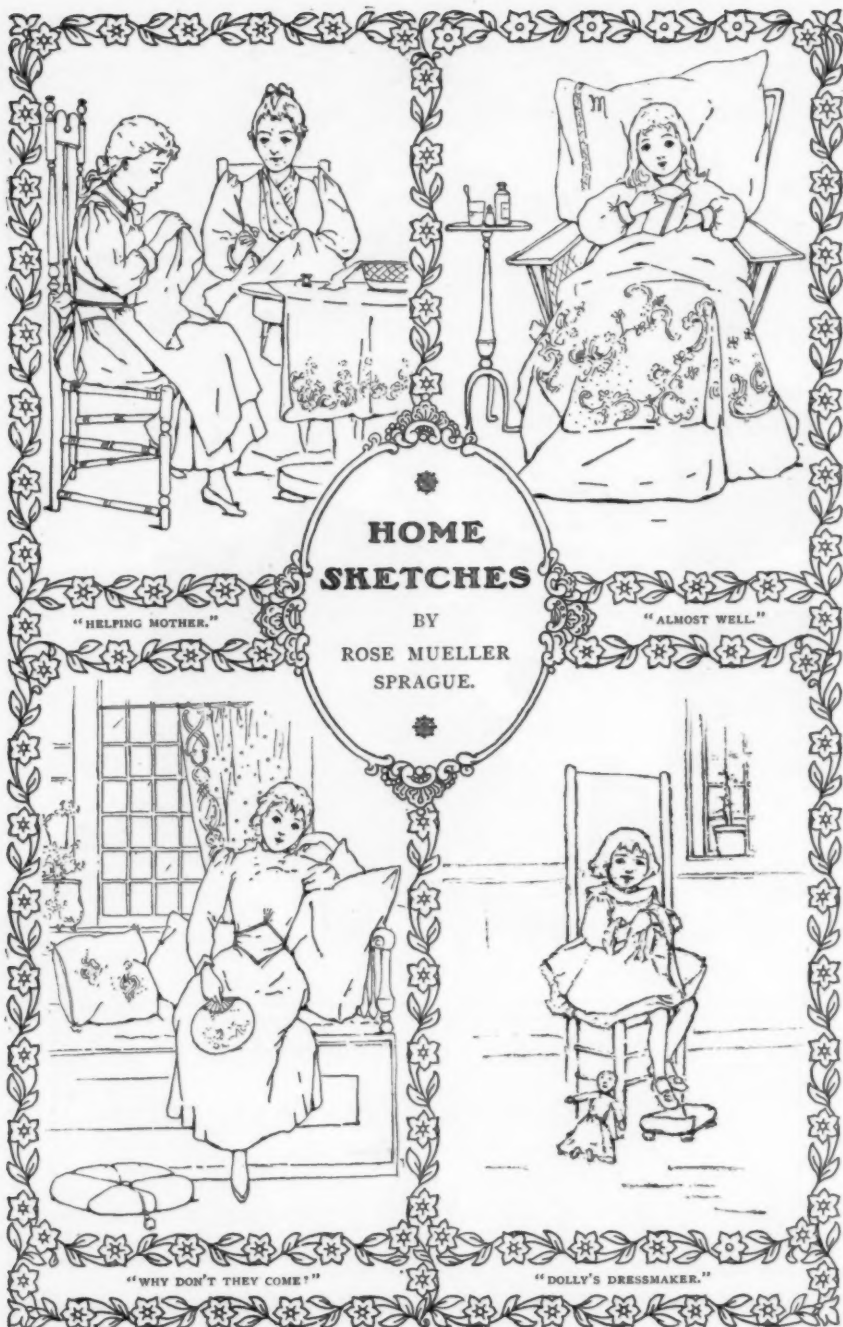
Telegrams and letters of congratulation poured in from high government, state, and municipal authorities and from scientific institutions. The University of North America wired a free four-year course to each of the young chemists.

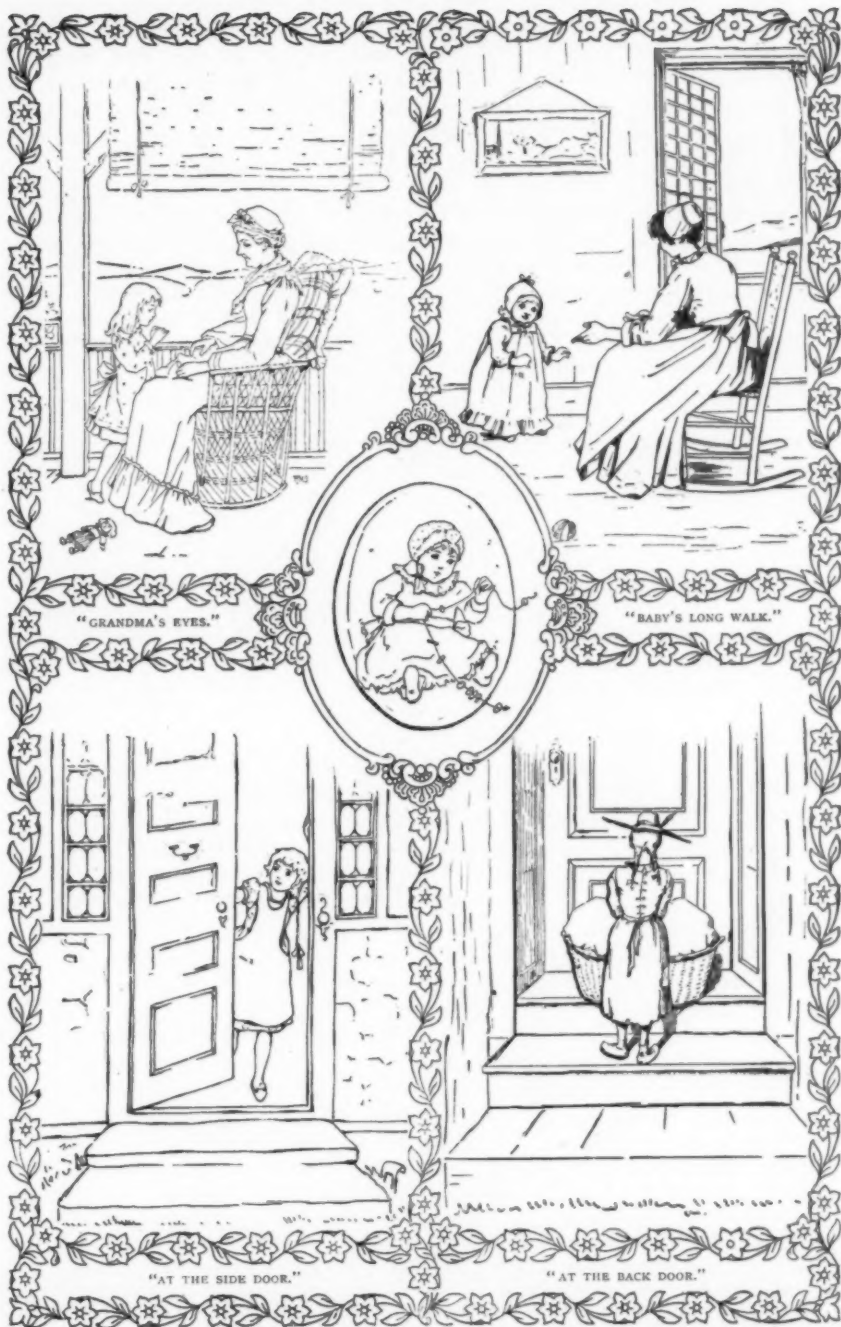
In the meantime the business feature had not been overlooked. Immediately after the first experiments Mr. Russell and Mr. Ferren had secured options for ninety days on real estate immediately adjoining the new city well, and, following the successful demonstration, had "closed the deal." A company was organized for the sale of the yellow mineral, the demand for it since the demonstration having become enormous. Last of all, the experiments with ferrenite, under the direction of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Agricultural Department disclosed the fact that the new mineral possessed medicinal properties of the highest value in blood diseases and rheumatism.

Zeb and Darwin were made officers in the company, and each received a liberal portion of the stock.

Even before university opening day arrived the profits had rendered outside assistance either for tuition or expenses unnecessary.







THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

THE HOME-MADE GYMNASIUM.

AN ATTIC GYMNASIUM.

In Fig. 12 on page 1018, a very good idea is given for the arrangement of an attic gymnasium, in a room of about fourteen feet wide by sixteen feet long.

Under the trapeze or rings it is best to have an old mattress on the floor. Plenty of ventilation is necessary in the home gymnasium.

The following are descriptions of the method of making some of the simpler and less expensive forms of apparatus.

A FLOOR HORIZONTAL BAR.

THE hickory bar, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter and 4 feet long, is supported on hardwood uprights 2 inches thick, 3 inches wide, and as high as the bar is desired—probably from 5 to 6 feet, according to the heights of the boys (see Fig. 1). At the lower end the uprights are held in position



FIG. 1. A FLOOR HORIZONTAL BAR.

by two half-inch iron pins driven into the bottom, which fit into holes made in the floor in a corresponding position as shown at A in Fig. 2. The upper ends of the uprights are cut with a

compass-saw to receive the bar, and the edges are tapered to meet the edges of the U cut (as shown at B), and when the bar is in place it is held with straps made of one-eighth-inch iron and provided with screw-holes, as shown at C.

The ear-plate attached to each upright under the bar, and to which the stanchion-wires are fastened, is made of one-inch tire-iron, and securely bolted to the wood, as shown at D. Four turn-buckles and some stout wire form the stanchions, and the floor-plates should be diagonally located so that they not only support forward and backward but from side to side.

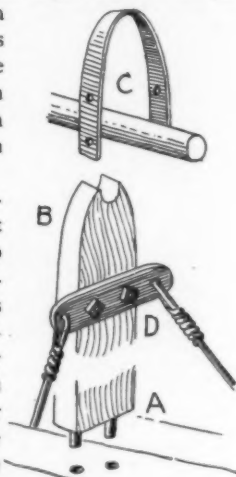


FIG. 2. DETAILS OF FLOOR HORIZONTAL BAR.

PARALLEL BARS.

THE bars shown in Fig. 3 are of hickory, 5 feet 6 inches long, and 2 inches in diameter. The uprights that support them are of oak, ash, or other hard wood $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches square and 42 inches long. The lower ends are let into bases of heavy hard wood, 2 inches thick, 10 inches wide, and 3 feet 6 inches long. Square holes are cut in the middle of these bases, two feet apart, so that eight inches of wood beyond the holes at each end act as a platform on which to screw the bracket-ends that form braces to the uprights. The holes must be cut with a bit all the way through the bases and trimmed with a mortise-

chisel and mallet, taking care to make them very accurate, so there will be no play to the uprights when driven in the holes. The stepping-plank is of hard wood also, 12 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness, and long enough to span the cross-planks, so the distance between uprights will be 4 feet. Hollows are cut out in the top of each upright with a compass-saw, and the sides slightly tapered to the edges of the U cuts, so as not to interfere with the hands when acting on the bars. Fasten the bars to the uprights with two slim screws at each side driven through the uprights and into the under sides of the bars, but do not drive a screw or nail down through the bars into

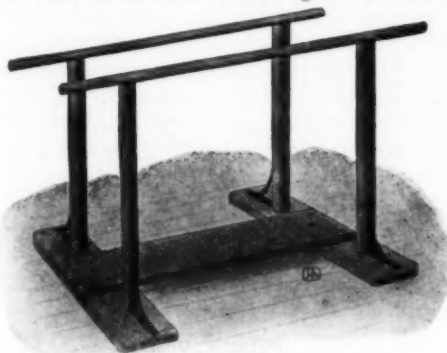


FIG. 3. PARALLEL BARS.

the top of the uprights, for it weakens the bars, and if the weight is borne at the ends it might snap them off. At a hardware-store, purchase four iron brackets with eight-inch tops and ten- or twelve-inch sides.

Invert them and screw the tops to the baseboards and the sides to the outer edges of the uprights, to add rigidity to the bars.

A coat or two of paint will improve the appearance of the uprights and base, but do not coat the bars with anything, just polish them with a rag and the hands.

TRAPEZE-BARS.

FOR the house gymnasium a good trapeze-bar can be made 4 feet long, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, and cut with a path at each end (as shown at B in Fig. 4), so that the strap can be wrapped around it and drawn tight. The bar should be made of well-seasoned hickory.

An adjustable flying trapeze (as shown in the illustration) is made from two trunk-straps, provided with two extra loops and a four-foot bar, cut from two-inch hickory and shaped with a spoke-shave, as shown in the drawing. At the ends paths are cut to receive the straps; but if it is possible to have the bar turned in a lathe, a more accurate result will be had, as the lathe will insure a perfectly round bar, while the hand-made one could not be cut so regularly. Small rings at the upper ends of the ropes or straps, and hooks, driven securely into the ceiling beams, will suspend bars or flying rings.

The bar may be suspended by ropes, as shown at C in Fig. 4, or may be adjustable by being made of trunk-straps, as shown at A.



FIG. 4. TRAPEZE-BAR AND DETAILS.

SWINGING RINGS.

EXERCISING and swinging rings are made from 6 to 10 inches in diameter, outside measure, and they can be purchased for one or two dollars per pair, according to the size and finish.

A blacksmith will make you a pair of rings, 8 inches in diameter and of $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch round iron, for about fifty cents a pair; and with a fine file and emery-cloth they can be smoothed, so that they will be comfortable to the hands.

The boys should have rings on which a good grip can be taken, and there is nothing better for this than to bind them with tire-tape, or to sew leather around them, making the join at the outside. The sewing can be done with doubled and waxed linen thread; but if it should prove too difficult a shoe or harness maker will help you out in a very little time for a small sum.



FIG. 5. A TRIANGULAR SWINGING RING.

In Fig. 5 a triangular "ring" is shown having the lower side bound with tape or leather. The triangle is 6 inches across the bottom, 8 inches high, and made from half-inch round iron. The rings or triangles should be suspended by means of ropes, at the lower ends of which straps are provided so that they will hold rings, rods, or trapeze-bars.

The rope-ends, through which the straps are caught, can be spliced or formed into a loop-end and bound tightly with twine to make a strong union. The former is the better way.

WANDS AND BALL-BARS.

WANDS, three to five feet long, can be cut from any hard wood, but if a one-inch curtain-pole can be had, it will make two wands by being cut in two. A ball-bar or wand can be made as described for the dumb-bells by boring croquet-

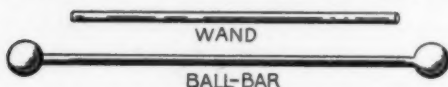


FIG. 6. EXERCISING-WAND AND BAR.

balls and attaching them to the ends of a bar with wedges, as shown at Fig. 6.

In many schools they have calisthenic exercises with wands, dumb-bells, and ball-bars, so that for light exercise it is interesting to repeat the movements of the school instruction.

DUMB-BELLS.

To make the dumb-bells, obtain some old croquet-balls and clamp them in the vise of a carpenter's bench, and with a one-inch bit bore a hole through the ball. Cut a broom-handle or a one-inch curtain-pole in lengths twelve or thirteen inches long for handles, and in the end of each make a saw-cut. Smear the outer end of each stick with glue and drive it through the hole in the ball, and keep it firmly in place by driving a wedge into the end of the stick, the same as hammer-heads are fastened to prevent their coming off. Some glue should be placed in the saw-cut, so as to hold the wedge when it is driven home.

To make the handle between the balls easier to grip, it can be bound with linen or cotton

fish-lines; then the balls may be painted or varnished, and the line given a coat of black varnish, which will set the cord-made binding and harden it.

Several sets of these bells can be made for the "gym," and hung against the wooden band that extends around the room.



FIG. 7. DUMB-BELLS.

In the absence of iron bells, a heavy pair can be made with gas-pipe handles and flanges with screw-holes, that can be fastened to wood blocks 4 inches in diameter (see E in Fig. 7). The gas-pipes, an inch in diameter, can be had at a plumber's or gas-fitter's shop, and they should be 5 inches long, threaded at both ends and screwed into flanges fitted with threads to receive them, and in turn bored with holes, so ordinary wood-screws may be passed through them and into the wooden ends. The gas-pipe may be bound with cord and painted or varnished, or to represent iron the entire bell may be painted black.

INDIAN CLUBS.

Use two pieces of spruce, chestnut, or apple-wood, and with a draw-knife, taper the upper end, so that it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and leaving the base about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, the thickest part being nearly midway between top and bottom.

The tapering is done by holding the wood in a vise and gradually shaving away the wood with a sharp-bladed draw-knife or spoke-shave, turning the wood frequently so as to cut the butt evenly and as true as possible.

A one-inch hole is bored in the top of each club 3 inches deep, with a bit, and into it a broom-stick or old rake handle is driven and held in place with glue and a few steel-wire nails.

Small wooden balls are bored and glued to the top of the handles and given additional security with small nails.

The handles can be bound with fine cord, and the exposed woodwork painted any desirable color. Of course if the boy has a lathe it will be best to turn the Indian club in one piece.

STRIKING-BAGS.

FROM oak, ash, or other hard wood, 2 inches thick, cut a base 15 inches square, and round the edges off on the upper side, as shown in Fig. 8. Make a hole in each corner through which to pass a screw, and a large one at the middle to receive a spiral spring. The staff is screwed down into the top of the spring for five or six inches, or enough to hold it securely, and at the bottom a spring is held in the block with some screws or nails driven at the bottom, through the wires of the spring and into the wooden base. When using the bag it should be fastened to the floor with two or three screws, so it will not topple over; and as it is struck it bends over from the bottom, and the spring, if stiff enough, will cause it to rebound or come to an erect position instantly.

A striking-bag and disk like the one shown

in Fig. 9 can be made by a boy, from wood and leather, thumb-nuts, and a pair of braces. A striking-disk must be stout, and substantially hung. From the illustration (Fig. 9) any boy can construct an adjustable disk. Note the set-screws at the sides and the braces above. The disk is made of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hard wood. At A in Fig. 10 is shown the bolt on which screws the thumb set-nut.

The bag is an inverted balloon-shaped affair, and is made of six pieces of leather or canvas, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 15 long, sewed together at the edges. Each piece is shaped like B in Fig. 10, and when they are sewed together a round cap or end-piece is made fast to the large end, to secure the ends of the side-pieces.

A patch is sewed along the edges of two sides to strengthen them, and to pass the lacings through, as shown at the upper right side of B in Fig. 10. This permits an opening through which

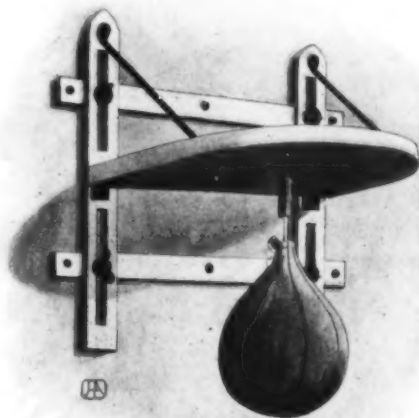


FIG. 9. STRIKING-BAG AND DISK.

to pass a filling of rubber scraps and bits of leather, but if a rubber bladder is to be inserted and inflated, this opening will not be required; as the bladder, when collapsed, can be pushed within the opening at the neck. One inch below the top of the neck, some slits are to be made in the leather through which the throat-laces are interwoven; when the knot at the end of the suspension-rope is inserted in the throat of the bag, the laces are drawn tight and tied.

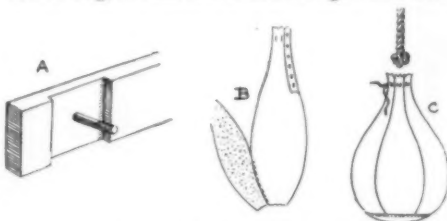


FIG. 10. DETAILS OF STRIKING-BAG AND SUPPORT.

And by means of a hollow stick, which projects down five inches below the under side of the disk, the bag is centered and held rigidly so that it flies up on all sides from this center-drop when struck from different sides.



FIG. 8. A FLEXIBLE-STAFF STRIKING-BAG.

MEDICINE-BALL.

A "MEDICINE"-ball, so called from the fact that exercise with it is better for the body and system than medicine, is 10 inches in diameter, and weighs from three or four to six or eight pounds, according to the size of the boys and girls who use it.

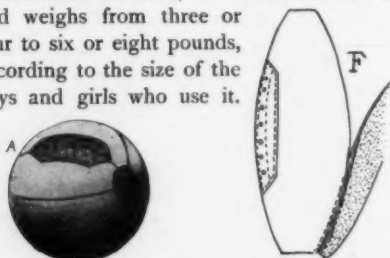


FIG. 11. MEDICINE-BALL AND DETAIL OF ONE SECTION.

The case of a round football may be used, or a leather case can be made of six pieces and two ends, so that it will lace up, as shown in the Fig. 11.

The ball is filled with pebbles or small stones

come in contact with the leather. Larger or smaller stones can be used according to the weight desired, or sand wrapped in paper may be used in place of the stones. If the case is to be made, obtain some russet leather from a shoemaker, and cut six pieces 14 inches long and 6 inches wide, as shown at F in Fig. 11, and with linen thread, doubled, sew the edges together, so the seam is at the inside. Reinforce two sides of adjoining strips with a patch of leather sewed securely all around the edges and through the middle. At the open ends of the leather case, sew on circular patches 4 inches in diameter to securely hold the ends of the six leather sides.

The foregoing descriptions have included but a few of the items often found in a well-stocked gymnasium. It has been the intention to let these descriptions serve as well for others not here mentioned, as, for instance, the pulley-

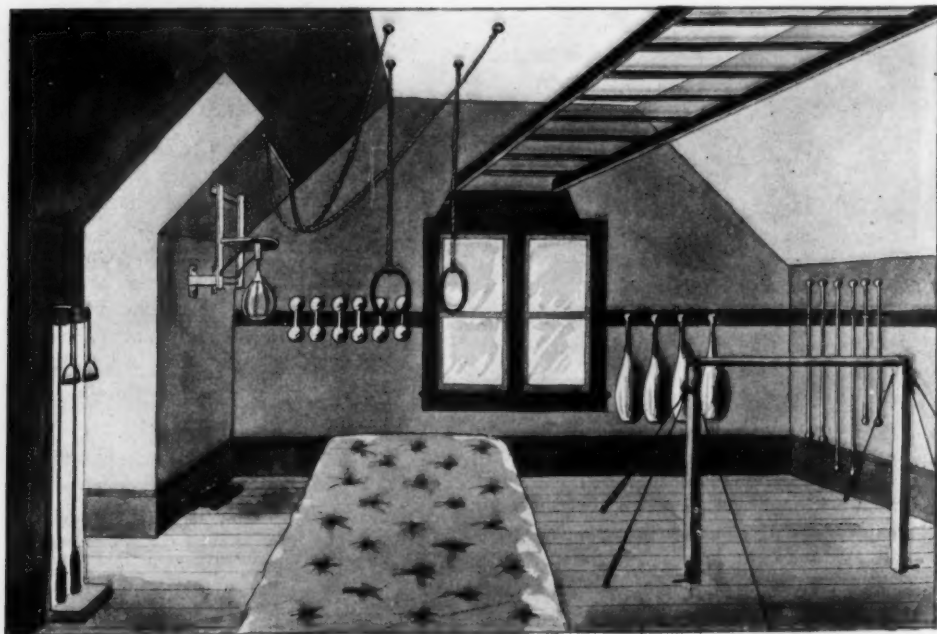


FIG. 12. GENERAL VIEW OF A HOME GYMNASIUM.

wrapped in newspaper, making small individual balls of them and stuffing them in the case. The newspaper makes a soft cushion and does not allow the hard or sharp edges of the stones to

weights shown in Fig. 12 on this page, etc. The boy who has followed the descriptions in this article will be capable of making any other pieces of apparatus he may wish.

A CHIMNEY-SWIFT'S NEST.

BY RUSSELL M. CORYELL.



ONE morning late in June I climbed to the top of our house to look around the country. I had not been there

long when I felt a rush of air on my head and I saw a chimney-swift, improperly called a chimney-swallow, flying away for another swoop at me. I then realized that I must be near its nest, and, looking down a chimney near by, I saw, after my eyes had become used to the light, a nest within three feet of the top with five pure white eggs about a half an inch long in it. It was the first time I had ever known a chimney-swift to build so near the top of a chimney, for usually it builds some few feet down where there is a bend which keeps out the rain that would soften the glue with which the nest is held together.

I thought it would be interesting to take a picture of the nest, and this being such a good chance I did so, much to the dislike of the birds who kept making swoops at me.

The nest of a chimney-swift is not made, like that of most birds, of hair, leaves, or grass, but of small twigs which the swift gathers while flying, and which are stuck together with the bird's saliva, which is glutinous.

It is very interesting to watch a swift, which is a remarkably good flier. It never seems to tire and never rests except when it is on the nest. It is on the wing all the day and is said



"LOOKING DOWN A CHIMNEY NEAR BY I SAW A NEST WITHIN THREE FEET OF THE TOP."

sometimes to fly a thousand miles in twenty-four hours. Chimney-swifts are good friends of the fire insurance companies because they knock the soot down and make it less easy for the chimneys to catch fire.

TIMMY TOOLE AND WILLIE WISE.

BY LOUISA FLETCHER TARKINGTON.

SAID Timmy Toole, "I wish I knew
As much as Willie Wise.
He always has his 'rithmetic,
And wins the spelling prize."

Said Willie Wise, "If I could play
Base-ball like Timmy Toole,
And win the tennis-match, I 'd be
The happiest boy in school!"



THE ELEPHANT AND HIS SCHOOL.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

THE great white elephant left the show,
He said he was too refined:
The ways of a circus did not suit
His most superior mind.

"A creature as big and wise as I
Should be teaching school," said he;
"And all the animal little folk
My scholars they shall be."

So into an empty school-house near
He marshaled them all one day:
("T was in vacation-time, and so
The children were all away).

The kittens and puppies, the pigs and geese,
Were put to work with a will;
But the squirrel and fox to the platform went
Because they would not keep still.

And then he began to teach his school
The various things he knew:
"There's much not down in the books," said he,
"That you ought to know how to do."

And first he showed how to flap the ears,
But their ears were far too small;
And then he showed how to wave the trunk,
But they had no trunk at all.

The only thing that he taught his school
That the scholars accomplished well,
Was when he called in the peanut-man,
And taught them the nuts to shell.

The elephant soon dismissed his school,
And packed up his trunk to go;
"For, after all, my talents," said he,
"Are best displayed in a show."

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

BY DR. E. E. WALKER.

V. POISONS.

ONE day, as the boys and their tutor were clambering over stones, poking about in the hope of finding some relic, Mr. Wilson exclaimed, "Look out for that poison-ivy, boys!"

"But I thought the poison kind had only three leaves and this has five," cried John, who had gone some distance from the others.

"There are two kinds of ivy here," replied Mr. Wilson; "the one which you are looking at, John, is the Virginia creeper; in the fall this ivy has dark-blue berries. We are looking at some *poison-ivy* over here; its berries are white and it has three leaves."

"Well, I guess I know the difference," said Abe. "Do you see my hand?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wilson; "I've been wondering what was the matter with it."

"Well, I was poking around, yesterday, in the woods, and I was careless, I s'pose, because this morning when I woke up I found I'd poisoned myself."

"How did it feel?" asked John.

"It burned and itched, and it was all broken out in red blotches and blisters."

"But what did you do for it?" asked John.

"Mother wet some pieces of cloth in water and baking-soda, and the itching stopped after a little while."

"How much baking-soda did she use?" said John, who always became interested in anything of this kind.

"A tablespoonful in a teacup of water."

"Here's your old friend baking-soda again," said Mr. Wilson; "you see, we use it for burns, for sunburn, and for eruptions caused by poisons on the skin. Were any of you ever poisoned inside?"

"I was," said Abe, who had proved such a jolly companion, that the boys had again invited him to join them; "it was over here on the island that I ate some poke-berries last summer, because they looked good and juicy."

"What did you do for that?" said the inquisitive John.

"Mother gave me a lot of warm water, a pint at a time, and once or twice some with a little mustard in it."

"What did that do to you?" said Jerry. "Gee, I'm glad I did n't eat any poke-berries!"

"I got sick at my stomach and it all came up," said Abe, "and then I felt better, only I was so cold that mother put me to bed in warm blankets and gave me hot coffee to drink."

"Your mother could n't have done any better if she had been a doctor," said Mr. Wilson, "for she attended to the main things. She got rid of the poison first and then braced you up afterward. There are many poisons however that have to be treated in special ways. They need an antidote."

"That's a funny word," said John. "What does that mean, Guardie?"

"Well, it means something like this: when the cook's baby drank lye she had to have an antidote—in other words, she had swallowed an alkali, and she had to take an acid, which is an antidote for an alkali. You remember they gave her lemon-juice; that's an acid."

"Why could n't they have given her vinegar?" said John. "Is n't that an acid?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilson, "it would have been very good, too."

"I should think that sometimes people would take acids and get poisoned," said John.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Wilson; "they do, and then you have to give them an alkali, which would be, for instance, aromatic spirits of ammonia, or our friend baking-soda; but another thing, the acid would injure the walls of the stomach, and you would give milk, or the whites of eggs, or flour stirred in water besides."

"Well, I fear it's going to be rather hard work to study medicine, if this is a part of it, Guardie," said John; "but, I think I'll like it."

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

VIII. HOW PINKEY TRIUMPHED BY DIPLOMACY.

"PINKEY" PERKINS had thought in the past that he had drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs. But his former troubles were mere ripples compared to the waves of depression that now submerged him. Hattie Warren, the only girl he ever had loved or ever could love, had given him "the mitten."

"Bunny" Morris's aunt was getting up a birthday party for him, and it was to be a surprise. Everybody in school knew about it except Bunny, who, in spite of mysterious references to "next Friday night," uttered in his presence, remained suspiciously stupid and indifferent.

For days Pinkey had looked forward to the joy he was to experience in escorting his Affinity to the party. To be sure, he had said nothing to her of his aspirations. That must necessarily be done by sending her a formal note, "requesting the pleasure of her company." He could not with propriety send it before he received his invitation. He was sure he would get one, but to anticipate it would be out of the proper order of things.

Do not think Pinkey had the field all to himself. He had a rival for the affections of his Affinity in Eddie Lewis. Recently he had thought that Eddie was gaining ground, but he believed things were now turning in his favor. He had walked home from Sunday-school with his Affinity two weeks in succession. He felt that he was justified in his belief that his star was bright with promise.

Tuesday morning came, and with it word that the invitations were out. Mrs. Morris had allowed Bunny to go to school that morning before the first bell, and later had hailed "Putty" Black, as he passed, and had given him the invitations to distribute.

"Be careful Bunny does n't see you with them," she said in warning, as she gave him the shoe-box containing the envelopes.

"Yes, 'm, I will," said Putty, as he hurried off, proud of his part in the proceedings.

Going across the public square, Putty met Eddie Lewis and gave him his invitation.

"Let 's see who all 's a-goin'," said Eddie, taking the box and scanning the addresses.

"There 's twenty-nine invited," said Putty: "fourteen boys and fifteen girls. That 's so 's Bunny can take Bess Knapp home. I 'd laugh if she would n't let 'im."

Thus discussing the party, and who would take whom, and whether or not Bunny knew about it, the two wandered schoolward. On the way they encountered several of the favored ones and gave them their invitations. No one inquired whether or not he or she was invited. All retained an unconscious air when hailed, and received their invitations without betraying the anxiety they really felt.

As Putty and Eddie entered the corner turnstile, they saw Pinkey coming to school. Pinkey had been told that Putty had the invitations, and momentarily expected to be called to receive his. There must be one for him, since it was a part of the program that all were to meet at his house and descend on Bunny in a body. But Putty said nothing, and Pinkey would have died rather than ask if there was one for him.

Fearing to appear concerned at the seeming slight, Pinkey studiously avoided Putty all that morning, and when the bell rang he went in last. Every one who had an invitation made a show of secrecy "for fear of letting Bunny know." Yet there seemed to be a very unconscious display of similar envelopes under cover of slyly-opened books. Pinkey's heart sickened as he passed the desk where sat his Affinity and saw that she had one.

Recess came and went, but no invitation for Pinkey. His pride kept him from appearing

gloomy, but his indignation almost got the better of him as he was repeatedly forced to say, "Not that I know of," when asked if he was invited. By noon he was miserable, for by that time there was no doubt that he had been slighted. And Bunny was his chum, too!

As he entered the turnstile after dinner, he found Putty Black there waiting for him.

"Here's a note for you," said Putty; "don't let Bunny Morris see it"; and, with some lame excuse about meaning to give it to him before, he ran back to the game of "scrub" he had left when he saw Pinkey coming.

Instantly all the clouds cleared away and Pinkey was himself again. As soon as school opened, and the pupils settled down to work, Pinkey barricaded his desk with his geography and began his note to his Affinity. For days he had kept paper and envelopes secreted in his desk, awaiting this happy hour.

Three times he wrote and three times he tore his paper in small bits and put the scraps in his pocket. "Red Feather," the teacher, had, on occasions, put together the small pieces into which notes had been torn and left on the desks, and had copied the restored notes on the blackboard. By this means she hoped to discourage what she considered a very serious menace to school discipline.

Finally, Pinkey composed a note which seemed properly formal and polite. It ran:

Pinkerton Perkins requests the pleasure of escorting Miss Warren to the party next Friday night at Bunny Morris's house. Please answer. Everybody is to start from my house.

He hid his note in his geography and waited for dismissal time. Then, to carry out his idea of formality, he bribed a smaller boy to deliver the note to his Affinity at her home. To make sure that the note reached its destination safely, he shadowed the messenger by going across lots until from a distant shed he saw the note delivered into the proper hands.

He waited what seemed an age before he saw the door open and the reply placed in the boy's hands. Then he left his hiding-place, and soon after contrived to meet the boy unexpectedly. He looked at the tightly sealed note, and somehow feared to open it.

When considering a question of unusual importance, it was a habit of Pinkey's to retreat to the woodshed and think it all over.

Ten minutes later, with heart thumping and fingers trembling, he was perched on a pile of wood, opening his note. Here is what he read:

Harriet Warren regrets she cannot accept Mr. Pinkerton's kind request. Her company for next Friday evening is engaged.

The shock he experienced made his blood run cold. He read and re-read the fatal note.



"HE SAW THE NOTE DELIVERED INTO THE PROPER HANDS."

He could not believe his hopes had been so blighted. But there it was in black and white. There could be no mistake. His first impulse was to tear the paper into bits; but, on second thought, he decided not to do this. She had written it, and since he had resolved to love her, and her only, until death, he decided to keep even this, as it might prove to be the one solitary memento to cheer his desolate life.

Sadly he replaced the note in the envelop, folded it in his handkerchief, and carefully put it away in his pocket. Then, with his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees, he began to consider what the future had in store

for him. One thing was settled. Never again would he be attracted by the society of girls. The one girl in the world had given him "the mitten" without any word of excuse, and he



"HE COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS HOPES HAD BEEN SO BLIGHTED."

would never trust one of them again. Now that all the happiness had gone out of his own life, he would devote himself to the endeavor to make others happy. Strange to say, he felt no hatred toward the author of all this sorrow that lay on his heart. Perhaps, if he studied hard and went to college and became a great man, she would be sorry some day that she had treated him so. Then he would come back to the little town and visit the scenes of his boyhood. And then, one day, he would meet her alone in some leafy lane, and with tears in her eyes she would tell him how sorry she was that she had blighted his life, and how unhappy she had been since she had wronged him.

Then he would take from his pocket the time-worn note that had so changed his life, and would silently place it in her hands. At the thought that he had cherished it all those years she would weep over it, and would ask if there was any way she could make him

happy. Then he would tell her that it was too late; that his life had been cheerless for so many years that he must now live it out as she had decreed in the past. Finally he would leave her there, repentant and sad that she had brought everlasting desolation into two lives by a rash act of her childhood.

Having thus settled his future clearly in his mind, Pinkey felt a calmness steal over him. He felt a superiority over those who had never had any real trouble in their lives. He would not bother his mother with his sorrow. He could bear it alone.

So effectually did he work on his own feelings, that at supper he was actually cheerful and had fully regained his appetite.

The next three days were trying days for our hero. Every one in school knew that Hattie Warren was going to the party with Eddie Lewis, and also knew that she had refused to go with Pinkey. However, no one mentioned either of these facts to him, for all knew how serious a matter it was, and how effectually he would resent such a reference. He tried to act as usual and even to appear quite indifferent. He took part in all the games with even greater vim than was his wont.

Whenever his Affinity was near he was especially vigorous in his play. Never a glance in her direction, however, betrayed his knowledge of her presence.

Friday night came, and, with the exception of Eddie Lewis and Hattie Warren, all who were going to the party assembled at Pinkey's house. They went to Bunny's in a body, and, after approaching the house on tiptoe, burst violently in at the front door. They found Bunny wrestling with the "greatest common divisor" and the "least common multiple," yet he was attired in his Sunday best. However, he was genuinely surprised and greatly delighted.

After being subjected to a vigorous pounding on the back, once for every year he had lived and several "to grow on," he was presented with various and sundry handkerchiefs, vases, neckties, bottles of perfume, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Speaking literally, the party was a howling success. In spite of his recent sorrow, Pinkey

was the life of everything. He organized games of "Clap in and clap out," "Post-office," and "Heavy, heavy, heavy hangs over your head," acting as postmaster and auctioneer. His energy in making all enjoy themselves was admirable, and his attitude toward Hattie Warren was such as to make her very unhappy. Had he ignored her, it would have shown her that he resented her refusal to go with him. Had he shown her undue attention, it would have indicated weakness.

But to have him do neither made her think she had probably done wrong in not waiting for his invitation instead of accepting the first one she received.

By Monday, Pinky's air of resignation to fate had begun to desert him, and a feeling of bitterness took possession of him. Bunny Morris did not realize on what dangerous ground even he was treading when he asked Pinky that morning: "What made you let Eddie Lewis take Hattie Warren to my party?"

Whereupon Pinky replied viciously: "I did n't let 'im. S'pose I 'm Hattie Warren's guardian? Ask her."

"What 'd she say when she gave you 'the mitten'?" urged Bunny.

"That 's for me to know and for you to find out," said Pinky, entering the schoolhouse.

After recess Bunny made frantic efforts, by sign language, to transmit to Pinky some message. Pinky could not understand, and made motions to write it on paper and throw it over. After scribbling for a few moments, Bunny folded the note tightly, and when an opportunity came shot it across the room to Pinky.

Pinky did not take his eyes from the note

until he had read it all; but from the way he occasionally twisted his head sidewise, Bunny knew that he was "mad." After reading it a second time, he folded it and laid it carefully on his desk. Presently he saw Red Feather looking in his direction. Hastily picking the note from his desk, he began tearing it to pieces.

Without saying a word, Red Feather stalked majestically down the aisle to Pinky's desk and held out her hand. With apparent re-



"LOOK HERE, EDDIE LEWIS," CRIED PINKEY: "WHY DON'T YOU CHOOSE SOME FELLOW OF YOUR OWN SIZE?"

luctance, Pinky dropped the pieces into her open palm. Then, maintaining her impressive silence, she returned to the platform. For about five minutes she busied herself at her desk, then she rose and went to the blackboard. Picking up a piece of crayon, she wrote:

E. L. told me at recess, and made me promise not to tell anybody, that he give P. B. two crockeries and a chinie middler not to give you your note to come to my party till after he had asked H. W. to let him take her. And he give him a bean-shooter too. Don't you tell anybody, but if I was you I would get even.

As was her custom, Red Feather made no comments. It was her theory that when notes were found and copied on the blackboard, the shame and blushes of those concerned was the best punishment.

Pinkey was overjoyed at the outcome of his master-stroke of diplomacy, in the success of which Red Feather had so unwittingly assisted him. Everyone in the room except Eddie Lewis looked at Pinkey, admiring his diplomacy.

Bunny, however, was much disturbed over the publicity given his note, for he feared Eddie Lewis would "lay" for him. His fears were well grounded. When school was dismissed he had scarcely got outside before Eddie took him to task for "tattling to Pinkey." A wordy war ensued and a crowd gathered.

When Pinkey reached the door he heard the high words and immediately suspected the cause. Rushing into the crowd and elbowing his way to the front, he shouted, "Look here, Eddie Lewis; why don't you choose some fellow of your own size? If there's anybody to fight, it's me. I let Red Feather get that note on purpose, and if you want to settle the score with me, just you try it on."

This was an unexpected turn of affairs for Eddie, and he endeavored to descend gracefully from his lofty pedestal.

"Aw, I wuz just a-funnin'," he explained. "I just wanted to see what Bunny'd say. We wuz n't a-goin' to fight, wuz we, Bunny?"

Bunny said he did n't know, but he agreed that *he* was n't trying to "pick a fight."

This ended the controversy. The crowd reluctantly dispersed, each boy relating just where he was when the quarrel began, just what Bunny said, and just what Eddie said, and how Pinkey took Bunny's part.

When Pinkey came to school that afternoon he was in the position of a hero. He had been vindicated in the eyes of his Affinity and he had settled with Eddie by making him back down after he had challenged Bunny. As Pinkey passed the seat where sat his Affinity, he looked straight ahead, entirely oblivious of a look from her for which he would have given his soul.

After the opening exercises, Pinkey began to study his arithmetic lesson. When he opened his book his eyes almost started from his head. There, between the pages of the day's lesson, was a note addressed to him in the handwriting of his Affinity.

Regardless of Red Feather and of every one else, he feverishly tore it open and devoured the contents. Just as he finished he was hurled from the seventh heaven of bliss to the depths of despair as the word "Pinkerton!" smote his ear. Red Feather stood beside him!

"Give me that note," she sternly demanded, holding out her hand toward the missive.

Pinkey attempted to destroy it, but Red Feather was too quick for him and took it from him before he could damage it. Pinkey was on the verge of open rebellion as he pictured the humiliation of his Affinity when the contents of that note were written on the blackboard. He started up to follow the teacher to her desk, but on second thought he saw the uselessness of such a move.

He could only sit and harbor dire threats of revenge as Red Feather seated herself and began to read the note. She did read it too, not once but several times. Here is what she read:

FRIEND PINKEY: I am so sorry I rote what I did last tuesday. When Eddie Lewis asked me I was mad because you did n't ask me first. I went with him just for spite. I am glad Red fether found Bunny's note and rote it on the board. Now I know why you did n't ask me before.

I hope you are not mad at me.

your true Friend,

HARRIET WARREN.

P.S. I am glad you did n't let Eddie Lewis whip Bunny.

P.S. (2). I am going to sunday-school sunday.

We must give Red Feather credit for remembering that she was once a little girl herself and had had childish little love-affairs too. Be it said in her praise that she carefully replaced the note in the envelop, walked back to Pinkey's desk, and, with a look of tenderness in her eyes that he had never seen there before, restored to him the precious letter.

THE ELF'S ELECTRIC FAN.

BY PETER NEWELL.



WHENE'ER this stuffy, puffy scribe
Sets out to write a diatribe,
Or aught else that he pleases,
A busy, buzzy bumblebee,
Perched on his desk, sagaciously,
Supplies him cooling breezes.



THE DIFFERENCE.

BY CAROLINE MCCORMICK.

THIS is my dog, my very own. You 'll think it strange, but we
Have ages that are just alike, and I am young, you see,
While he 's as old, or most as old, as any dog can be.

He is no higher than my waist, and he is grown up, too,
And I am quite as tall as Jane, and I 'm not nearly through
With growing, for I mean to be as big, perhaps, as you.

The things we like are not the same: I romp, and race, and run,
And he lies down before the fire, or stretches in the sun;
But each of us would be forlorn without the other one.



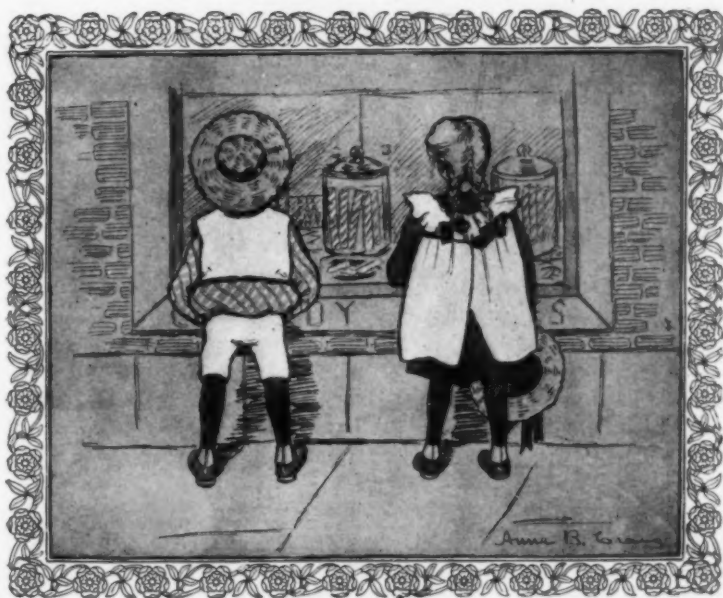
THE SISTERS.

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN.

THESE sisters, Jane and Marguerite,
Who are so friendly and so sweet,
Have just one doll for two;
One day she 's Janie's child they
play,

The next is Marguerite's day,—
A pleasant way to do.

When Jane's turn comes to have the treat,
She names the dolly Marguerite,
To please her sister dear;
And Marguerite says very plain,
"My dolly's pretty name is Jane,"
When she is mother here.



AT A CANDY-STORE WINDOW. TOMMY TO BETTY, AFTER READING THE PRICE-CARD: "SIX STICKS FOR FIVE CENTS. OH, WHAT LUCK! SIX STICKS FOR FIVE CENTS—FIVE FOR FOUR CENTS—FOUR FOR THREE CENTS—THREE FOR TWO CENTS—TWO FOR ONE CENT—ONE FOR NOTHING. I HAVE ONE CENT; I'LL GET TWO STICKS. YOU HAVE NO MONEY, SO YOU GET ONE FOR NOTHING. LET 'S GO IN!"

THE FRIEND WITH BRASS BUTTONS.

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

"WHY, Chuckie Wuckie, what is the matter?" asked papa.

They were walking home one afternoon, when they met a squad of policemen marching two by two, and looking straight ahead,—tramp,



"SHE RAN AND HID BEHIND A TALL BUSH."

tramp, tramp, over the sidewalk. Chuckie Wuckie was holding her papa's hand when she saw the policemen. She gave a little scream and ran and hid behind a tall bush, with her hands over her eyes.

"Little goosie!" whispered papa. "Don't

you know policemen are the best friends little girls have?"

"No, they are n't!" cried Chuckie Wuckie; "you ought to hear what Georgie says about them. A policeman is worse than any story-book ogre. When he sees a little girl he'll chase her so she can't run straight. She'll go running round and round and round, then she'll get to spinning just like a top, and then the policeman will make a dive at her and bite her head off!"

"I'll have to talk to Georgie," said papa, severely; "now we will go home."

The very next day, when Chuckie Wuckie and her papa went walking in the park, they saw something very interesting. A policeman lay on his face beside the duck-pond, and was pulling out of the water a little half-drowned puppy. The policeman dried it with his handkerchief, and rubbed it to make it warm.

"Now you see how good policemen are. Let us go and talk to him."

He knew the policeman,—his name was Mr. Britton; so he introduced Chuckie Wuckie to him. All at once the little girl forgot to be afraid; she got down on her knees to pet the little puppy.

"Whose little puppy is it?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I can't tell," said Mr. Britton; "I think some bad boys threw it in the pond. They ran up the bank when I came in sight."

"Oh, papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie, "can't I have it for my really own little doggie?"

Mr. Britton said he would be very glad to have them take the little puppy; then he told them about a stray kitty he once found in the park. He took it home to his little girl, and he had lots of stories to tell of how cunning it was.

"I'll never, never be afraid of policemen any more," said Chuckie Wuckie, when she had shaken hands with Mr. Britton and said good-by.

"Of course you won't," said papa; "whenever

you see one of these big men in his blue clothes and brass buttons, remember he is your friend, and if you are lost or in any trouble go right straight to him."

It was a good thing Chuckie Wuckie remembered this, for just a few days after she had an adventure which might have been a pretty serious one. She was going to New York with papa and mama. They got into the depot just in time to see the "choo-choo cars" come roaring in. Her papa rushed to check a trunk, and left Chuckie Wuckie with mama. Then papa came back and jumped on the train; he thought mama had the little girl. Mama thought papa had taken her, and there she was left all alone in the middle of the big crowd. "Mama! papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie, "where are you?"

Nobody answered. The big train went puffing out, and in a minute there was nobody left in the depot,—nobody but a few men who went hurrying about, and one big policeman in a blue coat with brass buttons.

Chuckie Wuckie walked straight up to him and put her hand into his; then she asked in a shaky little voice: "Will you take care of me, Mr. Policeman, till my papa and mama come back? The choo-choo cars carried them away!"

"Of course I will," said the big policeman; and he lifted her up in his strong arms.

He was a very jolly policeman. He had a great, big laugh, and he made it seem so funny about mama and papa being carried away without their little girl, that Chuckie Wuckie actually began to laugh instead of crying. He kept going to the telephone-booth every little while, and at last he set Chuckie Wuckie on the chair and told her to listen. She heard somebody cry, "Hello!" then there came a big, happy laugh. It was papa's laugh, and he said, "Is this our Chuckie Wuckie safe and sound?"

"Yes," answered the little girl; "where are you?"

"We're here at Hartford. We jumped off just as soon as the train stopped. Poor mama's half crazy."

"Tell her she need n't feel bad, papa. I've been having a lovely time with one of my best friends,—a beautiful, big policeman."

Then mama came and talked and half cried for a minute; then she laughed; then they said, "Good-by," because a train had arrived, and they were going to jump on it to come back after their little girl.



"OF COURSE I WILL," SAID THE BIG POLICEMAN; AND HE LIFTED HER UP IN HIS STRONG ARMS."

When they did come, Chuckie Wuckie was almost sorry to have to bid her policeman "Good-by"; only he promised to be at the depot, ready to say, "Hello!" when they came back from New York. And he was there, too!



NATURE^{AND} SCIENCE^{FOR} YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

SWALLOWS IN SEPTEMBER.

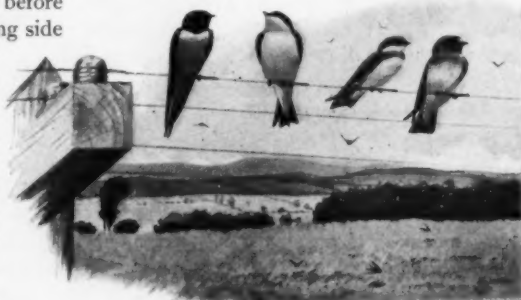
THE birds are already impatient to be off, and have few songs, but mostly talk together in low tones, as if they are thinking of the long flight southward and discussing plans. There are the swallows who have alighted, so that the telegraph wires are covered for a block or more.

This is a good time to study the swallows, for they are all together now, each having left his summer home: the bank-swallow from the sandy cliff, the tree-swallow from some lonely hollow tree or fence-post or pile of lumber, the barn-swallow from his hayloft, the eave-swallow from the row of snug mud-nests beneath the barn's eaves. Now that we have them before us, all at once, let us compare them, sitting side by side upon the wires; then whenever we see one alone we shall know him at a glance. In some places there are yards of barn-swallows, then of tree-swallows, then of barns again. But here are four birds, all unlike and side by side. The first is plainly a barn-swallow, as we know by the tail and wings, which reach as far (or farther) on one side of the wire as his head does on the other; the next, so large and with such a white breast, can only be the tree-swallow; while the third is too small for anything but the bank; the

last, of course, must be cliff, with his bald-looking forehead.

There is still a great deal unknown about the birds migrating. Why do they leave when there is still food enough for all, and pleasant weather? What tells them, or how do they know, winter is coming—a season of cold and famine? What birds mingle and what journey by themselves? And how do they know their course? Perhaps some young person is to answer some of these questions by studying the swallows, who are nearly everywhere found and easily watched. Notice how the different kinds mingle, or sit apart on the wires, in some places singly, in some grouped.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.



FOUR VARIETIES OF SWALLOWS.

Barn. Tree. Bank. Cliff, or Cave.
(See letter, comment, and illustrations in "Distinguishing the Swallows,"
Nature and Science for September, 1903, page 1037.)

A FOUR-FOOTED HARVESTER.

You who have traveled in the mountains of the West will remember seeing great piles of broken rock resting in the gullies or at the base of cliffs, like ice-cakes in a gorge.

In these rock gorges throughout the high Sierras, Rocky Mountains, and their spurs, lives a short-legged, thick-set little alpine farmer only seven inches long. He has several aliases: Cony, Rocky Mountain Pika, McGinnis Rabbit, and Little Chief Hare. His color varies from yellowish brown to dark gray, according to the species. If he had bunnies' ears you would call him a miniature rabbit, for in many ways he resembles one, not only in looks but in structure as well. He has a similar set of upper incisors back of the regular ones, and his tail is as short in proportion as that of a rabbit. His fur is so thick and soft that every puff of wind parts it or leaves chrysanthemum-shaped spots, to be obliterated or made anew by the next gust. Unlike the marmots and chipmunks that share his rocky

of the day or night, regardless of the season. From an elevation usually above eight thousand



STACKED FOR THE SUN TO CURE.
(Photograph by E. R. Warren.)



WATCHING THE SUN RISE.
(Photograph by E. R. Warren.)

feet, he mounts a boulder and watches the sun rise.

Along the streams at the base of the mountains is a thick growth of fireweed, purple aster, alpine spiraea, and buck-brush. These plants form a principal part of the cony's food, and he seems to realize that, unless he makes some provision, the winter months are sure to bring starvation, so he "makes hay while the sun shines." He does not wait until the foliage has shriveled on the stalk and lost its nourishment, but he cuts it green and, gathering it in little bundles, takes it between his teeth and hurries back to the rocks. He presents a comical sight as he bounds silently toward you, the hay protruding from the sides of his mouth, apparently blinding him, and you wonder that he dares to run so fast. Instinct has told him that, if taken into the crevices of the rock, green hay will mold, so he stacks it in the open air for the sun to cure, in several neat haystacks, varying in size from a water-bucket to a beehive.

J. ALDEN LORING.

(Six years a Field Naturalist to the
U. S. Biological Survey.)

retreats, he does not spend the winter hibernating, for you may see or hear him at all times

PUMPING OIL OUT OF THE OCEAN.

As the tourist on the train rushing north to Santa Barbara nears the famous mission city, he sweeps by a large group of oil-derricks situated right out in the Pacific Ocean itself. "Yes," the trainman hurriedly replies to his eager inquiry, "they're pumping oil out of the ocean!"

I was fortunate enough to meet the proprietor of these very oil-wells, after a similar ex-

perience with a trainman, and from him I gathered just the information I wanted.

Of course the oil is not actually pumped out of the ocean, but from the oil-sand far below the bed of the ocean. A number of wharves from six hundred to ten hundred feet in length have been built in the water, and on top of these the oil-derricks are raised. At the shore

end of these wharves oil is found at a depth of two hundred and seventy-five feet, while at the far end of the ten-hundred-foot wharves, where there is thirty feet of water, a depth of five hundred and twenty-five feet has to be reached. The stratum containing the oil-sand declines at a very much greater angle than the bed of the ocean. The oil-sand, in which oil is found, projects out into the Pacific at this point only.

MEREDITH NUGENT.



DERRICKS FOR PUMPING OIL FROM THE OIL-SAND FAR BELOW THE WATER NEAR SANTA BARBARA.

I inquired of the proprietors of these oil-wells how they first knew that there was oil under the water in that particular place. Their reply was:

"Oil broke through the overlying strata in several places along the beach. There is also a sunken reef, seven miles from shore, from which the oil was oozing, showing that the oil formation underlay the sea bottom."—EDITOR.

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THE RED-WINGED SEA-ROBIN.

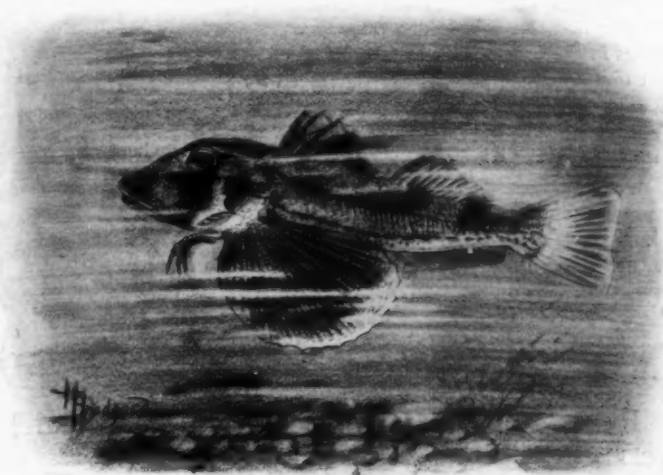
I SUPPOSE the peculiarity which would be noticed first about the sea-robin, grunter, or gurnard, as he is variously called, would be his clumsy shape. The head is large and deep in comparison with the body. One of our observing young folks, looking at him alive in his tank of the United States Fish Commission, Washington, would be apt to exclaim, "Oh, see, he has little hook-claws which help him crawl along!" Sure enough, just in front of the pectoral or side fins are three little, finger-like processes on each side, which are used to stir up weeds and sand, and to rake around among the pebbles and rout out the small animals upon which the sea-robin feeds in its native waters. While doing this it seems to be crawling along over the bottom by hooking these peculiar claws into the sand. Sea-robins feed on small crabs, fish, shrimps, and other diminutive animals, which they find in among the loose stones. In Europe all the gurnard family of fishes are eagerly sought, as they find a ready sale in the fish-market. They attain a length of two feet and a weight

of eleven pounds. Our species of the sea-robin, a cousin to the European variety, is found on our northern coast, and is taken in great numbers in the pound-nets along Vineyard Sound, where they spawn during the summer months.

They are much esteemed for the table, being one of the most delicate of the edible fishes. The flesh is firm, snow-white, and hard to distinguish from that of the kingfish. The American sea-robin is fifteen to eighteen inches long and weighs from one and one fourth to two pounds. When taken from the water they grunt

quite loudly, and if placed on the ground give a little hop forward of a few inches, grunting as they do so. This grunting sound can be heard quite plainly if one is in a boat lying quietly in shallow water near where they are.

The head is sheathed with bony plates and armed with sharp points, which are rather hard to distinguish at first, as they lie quite flat against it. When caught they erect all their spines and inflict very painful wounds on those who try to handle them. The pectoral fins are a little more than half as long as the body, and may be extended like a fan when in use, or folded quite close together when on the bottom, thus giving them the name of "butterfly-fish."



THE RED-WINGED SEA-ROBIN.

The "hook-claws" are placed quite close to the body when the fish moves very fast, and are thus hidden by the large pectoral fin. But when near the ground they are extended in anticipation of clutching the sand or stony bottom. The artist has represented the fish quite near the bottom, in which case the claws are as shown in the drawing.

The rays of the tail may also be much extended to look like a Japanese fan.

The color of this peculiar fish is a brownish yellow over the back and sides and cream-white below. The pectoral fins are deep orange-color with a blackish marking toward the tips, crossed all over with little dark brown lines and edged with light yellow-orange color. The lower jaw and sides are light orange-yellow; the eye is a beautiful turquoise-blue, edged with a vein of brassy yellow.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

THE MUSSEL'S MUSCLE, AND HOW HE USES IT.

How is it that a mussel can close its shell so forcibly? The muscles are two in number, one in each end of the shell. They extend

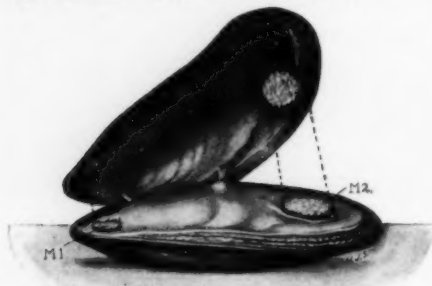


THE TWO MUSCLES OF THE MUSSEL.

Pulling against the fingers which are trying to separate the shell.

straight across from one valve to the other. Thus the fibers act at no disadvantage. The muscles in the arm of a man are arranged at great disadvantage, power being sacrificed for amount and rapidity of motion.

You must, sometime, try to open the shell of a fresh-water mussel or a sea-clam. You will find one the size of your hand has great strength, although both his muscles may not be larger than those of one of your fingers. I have often seen a boy pick up a mussel and insert his fingers before the shell was quite closed, thinking he could open it again. Few boys can succeed. They usually have hard pulling to get their fingers free. A big mussel can bite hard. Were it not that the edge of the shell, in big specimens, is smooth and thick, a boy might get his fingers cut to the bone.



SHOWING THE MUSCLES (M1 AND M2) CUT ACROSS.
The shell now opens out easily.

One who knows how can open the shell. I will tell you. Insert your fingers and pull steadily, not trying to open it at once, but simply

to keep it from closing. The mussel's muscles will soon get tired, and then you can open out the shell without difficulty.

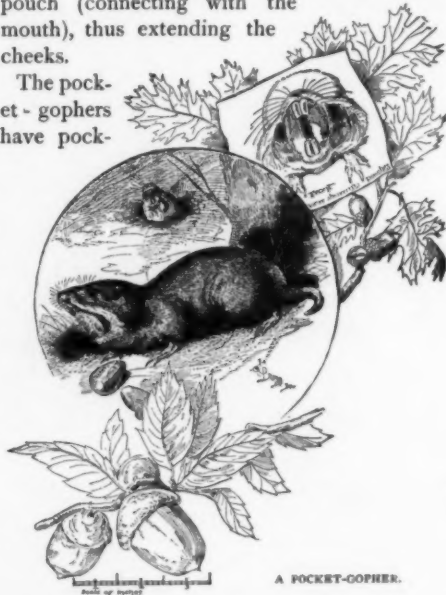
You have one muscle to extend your arm and one to bend it. You have two muscles to open your mouth and six to close it. The mussel, being inside of the shell, cannot open it by means of a muscle; but his two valves are joined by a great ligament so arranged that it will hold the shell open all the time. The shell is open unless the two big muscles are acting.

C. A. HARGRAVE.

POCKETS IN THE CHEEKS.

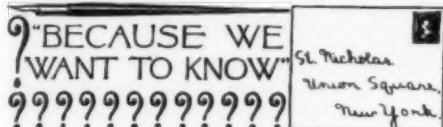
CHIPMUNKS, squirrels, and ground-squirrels take food in their mouths and with their tongues push it out between the teeth into an elastic pouch (connecting with the mouth), thus extending the cheeks.

The pocket-gophers have pocket-



A POCKET-GOPHER.

ets outside the mouth along the front of the cheeks. These pockets extend back under the skin to the shoulders, and are filled and emptied by the aid of the fore feet and claws. They are often stuffed so full of pieces of roots, stems, and leaves as to give a very ludicrous appearance to the little animal. Roots and stems are cut into pieces about an inch long and packed lengthwise. Leaves are folded or rolled to fill the smallest space.



HUMMING-BIRDS CUT INTO FLOWERS FOR NECTAR.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a morning-glory vine in our yard, and after the flowers have bloomed they fall to the ground. I like to make them pop, but I have noticed that nearly all of them have a little hole in the side, near the end. One day, as I was swinging



RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRDS.

in the hammock underneath the vine, I saw a little humming-bird. He wanted to get the honey that was in the flower, but his tongue was not long enough, so he made a little hole in the side, through which he got the honey. After that I watched a great many, and found that they all did the same thing.

Your interested reader, HELEN FUNKE (age 10).

This is so unusual an observation that I sent copies of it to several prominent ornithologists in all parts of the country. I quote from three:

1. Berkeley, California: I cannot positively recall whether I have seen humming-birds pierce the side of a flower for food, or have merely heard of their doing so. At any rate, it is so clearly fixed in my mind that this is not an unusual habit, that I should not be inclined to question the correctness of the observation.

2. New York: I cannot throw any light on the statements of your California correspondent. Possibly the humming-birds fed through openings which had already been made by bees.

3. Bethel, Maine: I cannot help thinking that there must have been some mistake about the inclosed observation. The statement that "they all did the same thing" indicates this. It would be possible for an individual humming-bird to develop such a habit, but it seems to me most improbable that it can have become general to the species and yet not have been noticed before. I wonder if any of the hawk-moths puncture flowers in this way! As you know, they are often mistaken for humming-birds.

When three of the best ornithologists disagree, our young folks must settle the question by careful seeing.

MOSS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TREES.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the ST. NICHOLAS every month, and I love the Nature and Science Department very much. The other day, as I was walking in the woods with a friend, he told me that on most trees the moss grows on the north side of the trunk, and I looked and saw that what he told me was true. Would you please tell me why it grows on the north side and not so much on the other sides?

Your faithful reader,

LAWRENCE T. B. VAN VECHTEN (age 14).

Moss thrives best in cool, damp places. These conditions prevail most on the northern parts of trees, where the sun does not shine.

"POSITIVE NEGATIVES."

TOURS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Under the heading of Science, I would like to ask you why films and plates are sometimes positive instead of negative. The accident is not rare, I think. Recently, in a pack of twelve, I found one film in which shadows, trees, and sky were nearly black, while a white house and spots of sunshine were white. When printed, of course everything was the wrong shade.

Your interested reader,

ARNOLD W. KNAUTH.

This is a frequent inquiry from our young photographers. In brief, and as simply as possible, it may be explained that "positive negatives" are produced by too much light and chemical action.

For those desiring more detailed, technical explanation, the following from the Kodak Correspondence School is given:

In a gelatino-bromide plate, the gelatine acts as the sensitizer. When the plate is exposed to light the gelatine absorbs the bromine liberated by the light from the silver bromide, forming complex silver bromine compounds, until a point is reached when, with the aid of the oxygen of the air and of moisture and further action of light, a reversal takes place, and the silver reduction product is rebrominated to form silver bromide,—this, when developed, giving a positive in place of a negative.

A MIRAGE.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day several years ago I saw a very strange thing. It was a ship upside down in the sky. It was very interesting. I am very interested in Nature and Science.

Yours truly,

THOMAS P. MILLER (age 16).

Not long after I received this letter I was riding in a fast express-train across the sandy plains of New Mexico, where the only vegetation was a few low scattered shrubs and some

than on those muddy banks by that small river a few miles back."

He smiled. He had been over the road half a dozen times, he told me, while this was my first trip.

"Try your field-glass," he merely remarked.

I did; and, like a beautiful dream that is lost on waking, the lake disappeared when viewed only through the glass. Later, as the train came nearer, I saw that it was only sand and scattered shrubs and grass. It was a desert mirage, and I was as much astonished

as was the writer of the above letter when he saw the ship "upside down." A traveler in an Egyptian desert writes:

A mirage usually takes the form of water; and the illusion is so complete that I have stood and talked to a man who apparently was standing up to his knees in a lake, the ripples of which broke on the sand a few yards from me. The most curious series of mirages



A MIRAGE IN A DESERT.

tufts of coarse grass. In the distance I saw, to my great surprise, a beautiful lake extending out of sight in the haze of the sky and distant mountains. On the nearer parts of the lake there were beautiful islands with trees and shrubs, some of them apparently extending downward as if reflected in the water. I thought what a beautiful place that is, and I remarked to a fellow-passenger: "Strange that there should be such a beautiful lake in this desert. Would n't it be nice to take a boat and row around among those islands? Perhaps there may be interesting water-birds that have nests among those tall grasses and shrubs. It seems to be a better home for the pelicans

I have witnessed, however, occurred when leaving my Arab friends and returning to the Delta.

We had ridden for nearly four hours, and still seemed as far from Tanis as ever, the mounds appearing just as distant as at the start, when suddenly a curious "twinkle" of light and landscape occurred, most bewildering to the senses, and before I was able to rub my eyes clear we were standing on the mounds themselves! Crossing the Bahr Fakous, a deep canal crossed by a ferry, similar phenomena were repeated. Looking westward toward the sun, the plain appeared to be one huge inland lake, bordered by palm-groves and villages. While debating the subject, I noticed that several of my companions had disappeared, and with them all signs of the mounds. A few moments later I saw them all upside down in the sky, while the riders, on approaching more closely, suddenly righted themselves and stood upon terra firma once more.

LITTLE FLIES FROM EGGS OF BUTTERFLIES OR MOTHS.

FRESH FIELDS, GREENS FARMS, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your Nature and Science department, as I have watched the complete change from egg to imago in butterflies and moths, and am very fond of such things. One thing struck me as very queer the other day, and I thought I would write to you about it. I found two eggs of one of the big moths and put them in a glass jar. One hatched, but the other lingered a long while, and when it did hatch, my surprise was great. Five little flies, no bigger than a large type period, came out! Think of it! I have had them come out of caterpillars. But eggs! Did you ever hear of such a thing? Please tell me about it, "because I want to know."

PHILIP SIDNEY SMITH.

It is no uncommon thing for insect eggs to be parasitized as described by you. I would sooner suspect it of a butterfly's egg than of that of a moth, from which the five little parasitic flies emerged. The eggs of the larger moths are not often thus parasitized, but from some butterflies' eggs as many as a dozen little parasites have been reared. I could not guess what egg it was you had. I raised four of these minute parasites from a codling-moth's egg, which is no larger than a pin's head!

M. V. S.

ROARING SOUND IN LARGE SHELLS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered what is the answer to the question I am going to ask you. What makes that sound in large shells? When you put them to your ear they sing. People say that it is the sound of the waves. If you can answer this I will be very glad.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET B. WOOD.

This roaring of large spiral-shaped shells may impress upon us how constantly the air is in motion and how it is thrown into gurgling eddies by various bodies of the same or similar shape. Its faint rustling is intensified by such *resonators*, just as the buzzing of a fly becomes louder as he approaches the mouth of a bottle. Boxes, large-mouthed bottles, or even the hollow of your hand (with fingers nearly closed), if held near the ear, produces some of the "roaring sound."

ROCK-OYSTERS.

NYEBROOK, YAQUINA BAY, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One morning very early, when the tide was far out beyond the reefs, we went down on the beach. Several Indians, some with picks, others with hammers and wedges, were digging rock-oysters, of which they are very fond. Tourists also like the novelty of knocking the rocks to pieces, and some really enjoy eating the rock-oysters. The photograph is of a number of these pleasure-seekers, and was taken by A. L. Thomas of Nyebrook.

The scientific name of the rock-oyster is *Pholas*. They are really a variety of clam, and are cousins to those that live in the mud.

When the *Pholas* is first hatched it is very small. It swims about in the water for several days, until its shell begins to grow. Then it fastens upon a rock, and at once begins wriggling and working to make a hole in the rock. The rasp on its shell aids it, and this rasp and the sand that is washed between it and the rock are the only tools the *Pholas* uses. It makes little or no difference whether the rock is soft or hard, except that it takes longer to work in the hard rock. Even when the *Pholas* has made a hole large enough to rest in, it does not stop its work, but the larger it grows



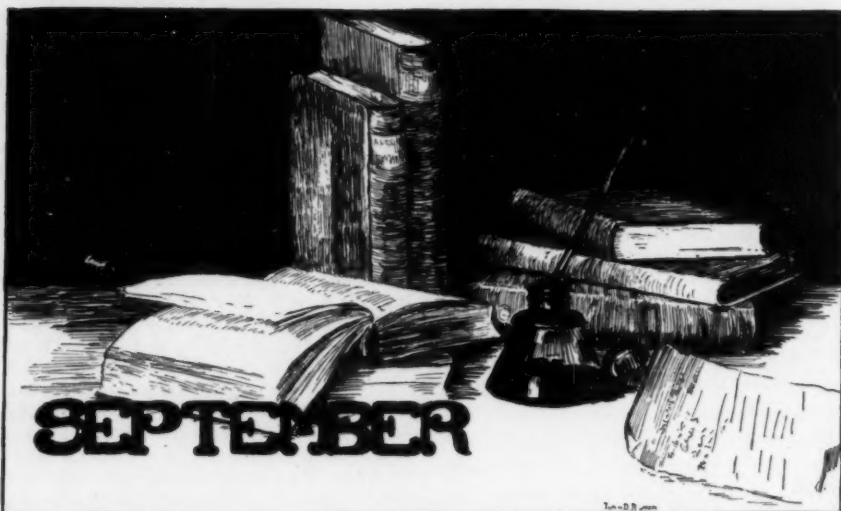
GATHERING ROCK-OYSTERS.

the larger it makes its home. The entrance it made into this home is small, and now that the *Pholas* is full-grown it can never get out. The sand shifts in to a certain degree, but there is always an opening. The *Pholas* has a long neck or tube which it reaches out through this entrance into the water, and through which it receives its food.

AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL (age 14).

The August Nature and Science contained an interesting article on these remarkable shell-fish.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JOHN D. BUTLER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

A SONG FOR THE BELATED.

If the ladder you would climb,
 Be on time;
 Picture, puzzle, prose, or rhyme,
 Be on time.
 Hours and moments will not stay,
 Better be ahead a day,
 Don't forget and don't delay—
 Be on time.

In the May number we gave notice in two places that the August competition would close five days earlier than usual and the September competition five days later. Nevertheless, there were, as usual, a number of contributors who waited not only until the last day of the given closing time before sending in their work, but until three or four days later.

Now, the examination of the League contributions is a very big work, and the date when the magazine goes to the printer is not a thing to be changed. It is no use saying, "My contribution this month is a little late, but please consider it, anyway," for such a request is just about as hard to grant as to hold a train for a dilatory passenger who is running, red-faced and breathless, three blocks away.

The proper thing to do is to be on time. When the statement is made in the League pages that a competition closes on the 15th, or the 20th, or the 25th, it means that on five o'clock of the given day the entry-books for that month close, and that no more contributions are to be considered. Because the magazine does not appear until two months later does not mean that we have all that time to get it ready. We have very little, in fact, for on a magazine like *St. Nicholas* the presses begin on some of the first pages even before the League competition closes, and it sometimes happens that the League editor has to work night and day to get his department ready so that those hungry

presses may not be kept waiting. It is for this reason that he has written the above little refrain, which may, perhaps, stick in some dilatory member's mind and make him more prompt next time. And, after all, promptness is one of the greatest things in the world. All through life it means a saving of annoyance—it may mean just the difference between failure and success.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 69.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Clarence E. Spraul** (age 16), 1108 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O., and **Phyllis Sargent** (age 11), Graeme's Dyke, Berkhamstead, Eng.

Silver badges, **Margaret Spencer-Smith** (age 15), 51 Palace St., Westminster, London, Eng., and **Louise Grant** (age 12), 110 Merriman St., Akron, O.

Prose. Gold badge, **Frances W. Varrell** (age 13), 6 Richards Ave., Portsmouth, N. H.

Silver badges, **Buford Brice** (age 11), 1404 Bacon St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and **Constance C. Coolidge** (age 13), Somerset Hotel, Boston, Mass.

Drawing. Gold badges, **J. Frances Mitchell** (age 17), 1304 Buchanan St., Topeka, Kan., and **John D. Butler** (age 15), 628 12th Ave., N. Seattle, Wash.

Silver badges, **Dora Grey** (age 11), Fulford Vicarage, York, Eng., and **Gladys Moore** (age 17), Chatham, New Jersey.

Photography. Cash Prize, **Irene Mersereau** (age 17), 99 N. Marengo Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Gold badge, **Harold Fowler Gerrard** (age 17), Kenilworth Road, Euclid Heights, Cleveland, O.

Silver badges, **Launcelot J. Gamble** (age 13), Palo Alto, Cal., and **Houston Woodward** (age 9), Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Alligator," by **Joyce Slocum** (age 14), Flint, Mich. Second prize, "Blue Herons' Nests," by **Edwin Begel**

(age 15), 1107 S. 8th St., Manitowoc, Wis. Third prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Allen Potter** (age 9), 19 Braemore Rd., Boston, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Tessie Tag** (age 15), 1185 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Cal., and **W. S. Maulsby** (age 14), Box 90, Tufts College, Mass.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth H. Crittenden** (age 15), 319 11th Ave., Belmar, N. J., and **Reginald A. Utley** (age 15), 112 Gerrard St., E., Toronto, Canada.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Mary Elizabeth Askew** (age 15), 1024 Lexington Ave., Altoona, Pa.

Silver badges, **Joseph S. G. Bolton** (age 11), 59 Division St., New Haven, Conn.; **Margaret E. Nash** (age 12), 525 Summer St., Rockford, Ill.; and **Laetitia Vile** (age 14), 200 Porter Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN SUMMER IS OVER.

BY PHYLIS SARGENT (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN summer is over, I sit at the window
And gaze in the twilight across the dim lea,
And watch the last swallows that fly to the
southward,

Away o'er the ocean from winter and me;
And breezes of evening come in through the
casement,
And bear me the breath of the far-off salt
sea.

When summer is over, and hid are the sun-
beams,
And gray clouds have covered the rose-tinted
west,

There comes from the meadows, the green,
dewy meadows,
A soft, drowsy murmur, when all sinks to
rest;

And then there is silence, for nature is sleep-
ing
Deep down in the valley and on the hill
crest.

When summer is over, and reaped are the corn-
fields,

And home has been driven the last creaking
wain,

And the fruit has been picked from the apple-
tree's branches,
And the leaves are all changing in woodland
and lane,

I think of the beauty this summer has brought us,
And the beauty next summer will bring us again.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY FRANCES W. VARRRELL (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

SEVEN years have passed away since my strange ad-
venture; it seems a long time ago, for the incident
occurred when I was only six years old, but my memory
recalls most vividly the scene, which I shall never forget.

It was at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, during the
memorable month of July, in the historic year of 1898,
and following the great battle of Santiago within a very
few days. More beautiful days never dawned upon the
rugged New England coast than those which ushered in
the disembarking of the Spanish prisoners of war—the
survivors of Cervera's fleet—prior to their imprisonment
in a huge stockade.

An urgent message from my father, who was sta-
tioned at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, saying the Com-
mandant had granted my mother and me privilege to wit-
ness the landing of prisoners, brought us hurriedly to
the scene. Upon our arrival we found hundreds of
marines with loaded rifles and fixed saber-bayonets
awaiting the mournful procession. Then commenced
the most strange and unhappy scene of my life; hun-
dreds of half-clothed, barefooted men and boys, some
with but a sheet or blanket wrapped about them, just
as they had manned Cervera's guns and faced the Ameri-
can fleet one week before, filed up the steep hillside—
living pictures of despair and death, for they thought
they were going to be shot by the cordon of marines

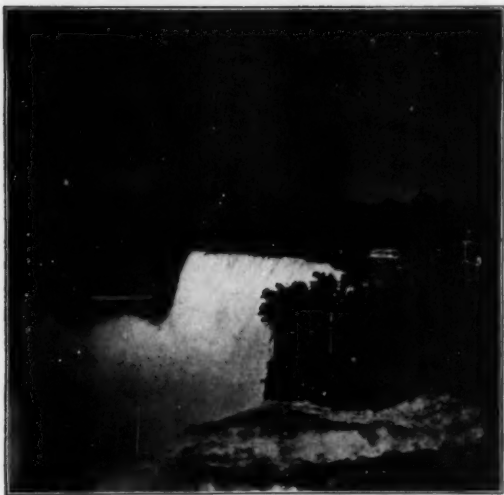


"NEVADA FALLS" (YOSEMITE). BY IRENE MERSEREAU, AGE 17.
(CASH PRIZE.)

who stood grimly by. Many of these Spanish heroes
worked for weeks in the trenches before tropical Santi-
ago, and were terribly debilitated by fevers and the
dreadful experience of the battle. Some came stagger-
ing under the burden of a weaker comrade, and others
were assisted by a friend on either side.

All about, the cries of "Aqua!" "aqua!" or water!
water! could be heard, and dozens of the poor creatures
fell fainting and insensible on the lawn. We got water
from the little well by the roadside, and gave it to them.
Some of them were so grateful that they tore buttons
from their uniforms in an attempt to repay the favor.
I saw but one officer at the first landing of the prisoners,
a very large, severe, and forbidding man. He was in
irons—it was said because he attempted to incite
mutiny.

In the first ten days sixteen died, and when the survi-
vors sailed for their beloved Spain, thirty-one were left
behind in the little cemetery by the sea.



"NIAGARA BEFORE A STORM." BY HAROLD FOWLER GERRARD,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

A SUMMER'S NIGHT IN THE LAND OF DREAM.

BY MARGARET SPENCER-SMITH (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN gentle Night her purpling robe o'er all,
The throbbing, heated city softly draws,
When cooling winds fan out the sultry air,
And the Dream-angel smiles from

Heaven above;
Then, when the white sleep-por-
tals open wide,
And the great world slips far away
beyond,
Before closed eyes the half-lit
pathway lies,
And Dusk stands beckoning to
the Land of Dream.
Beside the way tall, nodding pop-
pies grow,
Loading the air with drowsy,
scented breath,
And wearied crowds seek there
forgetfulness—
But on the mountain-side the air
blows free,
And slender fawns slip through
the silvered path;
Dew diamonds hang on every
shaking leaf,
And spiders' webs shine silver in
the way.
Among the lichen, on a rotted
stump,
The glow-worms shine, the lamps
that light the way;
Till, stealing through the hush
of scented pines,
The ridge is reached, and stretch-
ing down below,
Lies, wrapt in mist, the Wonder-
ful Beyond.



"UPPER YOSEMITE FALLS." BY LAUNCELOT J.
GAMBLE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

SUMMER.

(A Sonnet.)

BY CLARENCE E. SPRAUL (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THOU comest, summer, ushered in by spring,
With flowery pennants sweet with spring's
last glow,
To the music of the murmuring brooklet's flow.
The singing birds join in thy welcoming,
The woods reëcho with the glad notes' ring;
While o'er the fields and gardens float the low,
Soft sounds of June. Warm breezes gently
blow
And breathe their perfumed breath on every-
thing,
Thou, summer, happy in thy mantle green,
In smiling roses and narcissus bright,
Thou seem'st the sweetest time of all the year;
For thou art nature at her best, I ween;
With nature's gayest clothes thou art bedight,
In thee her brightest glories all appear!

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

(A True Story.)

BY LOIS F. LOVEJOY (AGE 14).

A MILITARY funeral procession was moving up
Hull Street, in Old Boston, from the Old North
Church to Copp's Hill burying-ground. The band
went first, then came the soldiers.

It had been raining that morning, and they wore their
waterproof capes, and so presented a very peculiar ap-
pearance.

Following them came the funeral train, with the flower-
decked and flag-draped coffin.

All these rather unusual sights and sounds attracted
the attention of a little girl,
about eight years old, who was
playing near by. With a child's
natural curiosity she followed
the procession to the cemetery,
and there, from a little distance,
watched the proceedings in front
of the large brick receiving-
vault until the funeral was over
and all the soldiers had gone
away.

The little girl, wishing to see
more, advanced to the door,
which had not yet been locked,
and peered in.

Oh! what lovely, lovely flow-
ers they were! She took a
step nearer, and then, forgetting
everything else, boldly stepped
in and began admiring first one
lovely blossom and then another.
Suddenly, and without any warn-
ing, the place grew dark, there
was a dull thud, and the sound
of a key grating in the lock. The
sexton had come and locked the
door without seeing her!

The child rushed to where
the light from the keyhole told
her the door was, and began to
bang, and kick, and scream with
all her might.

Would no one hear her? It
seemed ages before she heard

steps on the outside and the key again turning in the lock.

In a minute the door was opened, and rushing out, she almost pushed the old sexton over in her hurry to get away.

Not waiting to explain, she dashed down the path and away home as fast as she could go, leaving the old man, watching her with wondering eyes, at the door of the tomb.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

BY LOUISE GRANT (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

I WANDERED through the valley,
I lingered by the brook,
And read of birds and flowers
From Nature's story-book.

I sauntered in the woodland,
Cooled by the gentle breeze,
And drank from a tiny crystal spring,
That babbled 'neath the trees.

I plucked the timid flowers,
That grew hard by the stream,
And lay among the grasses,
About the world to dream.

But as I went a-sauntering,
My only thought could be,
That all these countless beauties
Were made for you and me.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

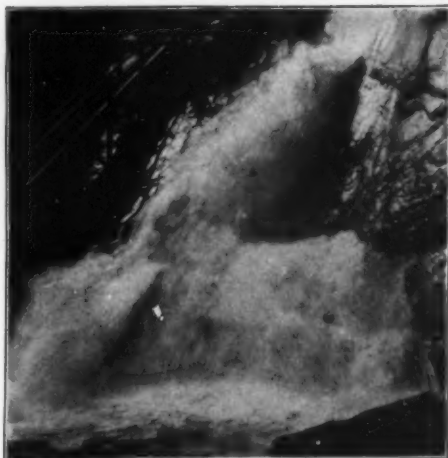
BY CONSTANCE C. COOLIDGE (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

I AM a big fat mouse, and
my name is Longtail.

My wife, my two children,
and myself used to live in a
very comfortable part of a
house, but our neighbors
were so fond of meddling
in our affairs, and giving un-
called-for advice, that we
were forced, much against
our will, to leave. We
found, at last, a small house,
with what looked like a tree
growing out of the side of
it; in this we made our
home. One day when we
were all talking quietly to-
gether, we were startled by
feeling ourselves, house and
all, being lifted up—up.

My wife in her terror
nearly fell off into space,
and it was with the greatest
difficulty that I managed to
grab her in time. Suddenly
in front of me I saw a mir-
ror; in it I saw my house,
my family, and, in fact, all
I had, perched on top of an
old lady's head. (This old
lady inhabited the house
all by herself, although she
had many poor relations



"SOUTH CHEYENNE FALLS." BY HOUSTON WOODWARD, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)

who worked hard for their living, and even then scraped barely enough together to get along with.)

You can imagine how astonished I was. I gasped for breath, pinched myself, but found I was not dreaming, as I had at first supposed. Then we began to move; downstairs and out of doors we went. My children were delighted, and gave little squeaks of excitement; as to my wife and myself, we were far too astonished for utterance. Our lady first went to her dressmaker to leave an order, and then on to see a friend. At last we saw the great wide world. Horses and carriages

streamed past us. People in all stations of life hurried by on foot, most of them looking bright and cheerful in harmony with the lovely morning. The first thing the old lady's friend said when she saw her was: "Why, Jane, what under the sun have you got on your hat?" With great alacrity she took off her hat. We all jumped just in time, raced across the floor, and landed in a hole conveniently near. The hole made a very comfortable house for us, and we are living in it now.

As to the old lady, when she saw us she gave one piercing shriek and—but we waited to hear no more.



"A STUDY OF FLOWERS." BY DORA GREY, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the readers of the St. Nicholas Magazine. Instruction leaflet and League badge will be sent on application.

SUMMER.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

GLORY of sunshine on far-away uplands,
Fields daisy-powdered and white near at hand,
Dragon-flies dancing where placid brooks ripple,
For summer's warm fingers are laid on the land.

Butterflies flitting from milkweed to thistle,
Swamps deep with lush-grass where wild lilies
sway;

And clear from the stubble a quail's plaintive whistle
Comes up with the fragrance of freshly mown hay.



"ALLIGATOR." BY JOYCE SLOCUM, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

SUMMER.

BY RUTH L. BUNZEL (AGE 7).

SAILING on the river,
Running on the land,

Bathing in the ocean,
Playing in the sand.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

(A True Story.)

BY BUFORD BRICE (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

MY uncle, who is now a major in the Marine Corps, a few years ago had command of a battalion of marines in the march on Pekin, to rescue the Americans at the time of the trouble with China.

As they neared the wall of Pekin, after a long and tiresome march, my uncle noticed a small-sized river between them and the wall, on which were hundreds of Pekin ducks.

My uncle, thinking one would taste very nice after the fare he had been having, stooped to catch one that was near the shore.

The wall was covered with Chinamen who were firing at the soldiers. One of them evidently noticed my uncle was one of the officers, and fired at him.

Just as my relative stooped to hit the duck, the bullet

went whizzing by above his head, but just where his head would have been if he had not stooped.

He succeeded in getting the duck, which he took with him into Pekin, expecting to have a feast; but hearing that Mrs. Conger had been kept a prisoner in the Legation so long that her food had given out, he sent her the Pekin duck that had saved his life.

SUMMER EVENING ON NARRAGANSETT BAY.

BY CAROLINE MILLARD MORTON (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

THE tide has ebbed; her dark blue veil
Slips down before the face of day;
But through the meshes, here and there,
There shines a glint of golden hair.
The moon drips on the quiet bay
Soft rings of witch-fire pale.

The little waves wash to and fro,
With endless murmurs to the beach—
The sand gleams cool and hard and white
Beneath the moon's reflected light—
They stretch their little hands to reach
The great rocks lying low.

The salt sea-breeze brings in a sound
Of music, from the city caught;
Across the rippled stretch of dark
Gleams now and then a moving spark.
The peace that passeth all our thought
Is settled close around.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY ESTHER FLORENCE AIRD (AGE 13).

"THERE!" cried Madge, angrily, "I've forgotten to bring home my paint-box from the Art Gallery! I suppose I'll have to go and get it. I hope it will stay light a little longer."



"BLUE HERONS' NESTS." BY EDWIN BEGEL, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY J. FRANCES MITCHELL, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Without saying anything to her parents, she put on her coat and hat, and slipping out at the side door, ran quickly along the crowded streets to the Art Gallery, and up the long staircase to the room where she worked. To open her drawer and get out her paint-box was but the work of a moment.

The rooms were all deserted, and Madge, who was now in no hurry, strolled into the studio of an artist, a friend of her father's. Easels and pictures were crowded all around her; and quite oblivious to the time, she wandered about in the twilight, feasting her eyes on the canvases.

Suddenly, however, she came back to earth, and realizing that the night was coming on, she quickly traced her way to the door of the studio. The door was locked!

At first Madge thought she had made a mistake, and pushed and shook the door; but all in vain.

Then the terrible truth flashed upon her. The artist was leaving town this evening for a week, and the janitor had locked the door, which would not be opened until the gentleman returned. The Art Gallery was in a very old house with thick walls and doors, and this room was on the top story, so call as she might she could not be heard.

Around her the canvases loomed high, dim, terrible shadows in the dark room, lighted only by the misty moon without. Madge, though not a timid girl, covered in a corner, hiding her face in affright when one ghostly figure seemed to be moving in its picture.

For many hours (or so it seemed to her) she lay there shivering in the great barn of a studio, surrounded by awful shadows that seemed to tower over her.

Just when she felt she could bear it no longer, the key turned grumblingly in the lock, and the artist entered, the moonlight striking full on his face.

"Oh, Mr. Harvey!" cried Madge, springing forward; "I'm so glad you've come! I was terribly frightened, and—"

The old artist, who had missed his train, quieted Madge, and then took her home through the deserted streets.

A SUMMER SONG.

BY LEWIS S. COMBES (AGE 8).

(Honor Member.)

Sing a song of summer,
Barefoot days are fun;

Sing a song of summer,
Dancing in the sun.

Sing a song of summer,
Roses by the door;
Sing a song of summer,
Buds and blossoms more.

Sing a song of summer,
Wading in the brook;
Sing a song of summer,
Fishing with a hook.

Sing a song of summer,
Fireflies at night
Sing a song of summer,
Sparkling in their flight.

Sing a song of summer,
Playing time is done;
Sing a song of summer,
School days have begun.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY JOSEPHINE STURGIS
(AGE 9).



"WILD DUCKS." BY ALLEN POTTER, AGE 9. (THIRD PRIZE,
"WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

ON a Saturday evening I was locked in a room by mistake. My father and mother tried to unlock the door from the outside, and they tried for an hour but were not able to do it. Then, about half-past eight, my father telephoned to the fire-engine department, to ask them if they would bring a ladder and get me out of my room, which was on the second story. They could not understand what he wanted, so he had to go on his bicycle to the engine-house, which was not far off. He had three firemen come up with a ladder and

get me out. I put on my stockings and wrapper, but I was very sleepy, as it was getting late.

The firemen put the ladder up to my window. Then one of the men came up and opened the window, and took me in his left arm and said, "Don't be afraid, little girl."

Then he went down very fast and carried me inside the house again.

He went up once more to see if he could unlock the door from the inside.

He unlocked it without any trouble.

Then I went back to bed and went to sleep, for it was nearly ten o'clock and I was very sleepy.



"A WASTING FALLS" (MINN.). BY H. ERNEST BELL, AGE 13.

SUMMER DREAMS.

BY MARGARET STUART BROWNE (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

Now gold-haired summer, crowned with poppies red,
Draws the slow sun across the radiant sky
Till, smiling, in the west he sinks to sleep,
Lulled by the waking owl's long, fretful cry.

Now are the dusty shadows long and slim
Upon the lawn, where chestnut spikes of snow
Shower fragrant flakes upon the dewy grass
To kiss the timid daisy-buds below.

It is a time of dream and distant song,
A time when winds but sigh, and wavelets croon,
Of long, sweet days and music-haunted nights
Whose star-spun veils half hide the slender moon.

Dream, by the spell of sea and sky bewitched;
Forget the gray, sad world of ceaseless pain;
And if, by chance, you should to care awake,
Return to daisy drifts and dream again!

Harsh winter soon will menace us with gloom,
And still the madrigal of brook and stream.
Rejoice in summer, for, on cold, dark days,
Its memory gives you wherewithal to dream!

A SUMMER DAY.

BY MARY YENLA WESCOTT (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

THE sun that 's shone the whole day long
Has hidden from our sight.
And dark clouds gather overhead
Now that 't is almost night.

Down in the woods the wild flowers small
Have closed each wondering eye,
And little drops are tumbling fast
From out the summer sky.

Oh, quicker now they trickling come,
On field and vale and hill;
All Nature 's wrapped in garments soft,
Her voice is hushed and still.

She gladly welcomes this small shower,
So sweet and soft and cool;
And brighter will each shadow be
Reflected in the pool.

The rain falls slow—the clouds disperse,
Away they swiftly fly.
The sun shines forth again—and lo!
A rainbow spans the sky.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY ALICE CONE (AGE 12).

(A True Story.)

MANY years ago, when my native town was first settled, one Noah Bartholomew bought a tract of land in the new settlement and moved his family and all their household goods up from Connecticut on an ox-sled.

His journey lay on the east side of the Connecticut river, and he traversed the way early in March, intending to cross on the ice a few miles above his farm. But alas for his hopes! When he reached the bank where he intended to cross, he found he was too late! The strong March wind had started the ice, and the Bartholomew family watched the lengthening cracks in the broad expanse with sinking hearts. Would they have to stay on the river bank until the spring freshet was over, a matter of several weeks? But the father had no idea of remaining. Going to a neighboring settler's cabin, he told the men there he must get over the river somehow, before the ice broke up. The pioneers were always ready to help one another, so, armed with strong poles, the father with his two sturdy sons set out with Mr. Bartholomew for the river. The men led the oxen down the bank, and out upon an immense cake of ice just starting away from the river bank.

It was then that the pioneers' poles came into use, for they thrust them down into the inky water, and thanks to their strength and the thickness of the ice, they managed to pole the cake across the river safely, with all the family on it, and assist them up the bank. They refused all pay, saying, "Perhaps you can do as much for us some day." It was an easy task for the long-legged pioneers to cross again on the groaning and creaking ice to their cabin home, and the Bartholomew family reached their destination in safety.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY JOHN L. TAYLOR (AGE 12).

My great-great-grandfather, a Captain Coe, had a strange adventure, and I will relate it. He was a whale-fisher, and had a ship and full equipment. He sailed around the globe, and I think he was very rich.

One day he was sailing along when they sighted a sperm-whale. He and a few others went out in a small boat and tried to harpoon the whale. When the whale saw them coming, he came at them, lashing the water into foam all around him. Straight for the boat he came, and as swift as an arrow. As it came Captain Coe stood up and aimed a harpoon for his side. It was thrown, but missed the moving target. Captain Coe was dragged from the boat, and, as he fell, he heard the crash with the mingled cries of his companions as the whale struck the boat. He did not sink as he was expecting, but landed on something soft. It was the tail of the sperm-whale. He rode about one hundred yards, this being in the direction of his vessel, which was near him. As he neared the vessel, he prepared to dive and come up at the other end, but he was thrown violently from the whale, and was lifted upon the deck, where he landed upon a bundle of canvas.

He was unhurt, for, although he had been picked up roughly, he had been unhurt all the time riding madly along in mid-ocean. I do not know anything more about him, but I think he came back to port all right. Maybe this story is untrue, because it is only a legend.

SUMMER DAYS.

BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 15).

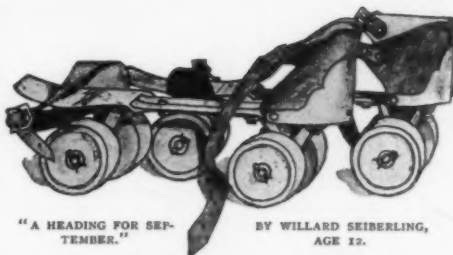
(Honor Member.)

We've a post-box in the garden
Where the hollyhocks grow tall,
And the ivy climbs unhindered
On the ancient, crumbling wall.
It's a secret shared between us—
No one knows the reason why
We go roaming there so often,
Just we two, my chum and I.
And the box is never empty:
Just an apple, rosy-red,
Or a note to say, "I love you,"
Simple words that can't be said.
Or my love-lass comes to meet me,
And we dream there all alone,
Till the summer sun has faded
And the birds have homeward flown.
But there's no one knows our secret,
So they never bother nigh;
And the garden seems to love us,
For chum's chum, and I am I.

THE PANSIES.

BY ANNE EUNICE MOFFETT
(AGE 5).

I LIKE the pansies. They grow so nicely, and the more I pick them the more they grow. The more I see them, the more I like them. They're in a garden. They're blue and white and yellow and brown and black. They think about the rain coming



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER."

BY WILLARD SEIDERLING,
AGE 12.

down and about being watered. They think about me. They think my dolly's good, and everything's nice and beautiful. I pick the faded pansies and the faded leaves off the geraniums, and I have a sand-box and I love it very much. And the pansies like me to come and water them, and the pansies love me. The pansies have lots of friends to play with, and they shut their little eyes and go to sleep at night, and I love my little bed of pansies and the baby does too.

SUMMER.

BY CATHARINE E. JACKSON (AGE 14).

To run on the smooth, hard beach,
To feel in your face the spray,
To leap and jump and shout,
And watch the gulls at play.

To rush with the collie dogs
And feel the wind in your hair,
To avoid the incoming waves,
Oh, sport like that is rare!

To lie in the cool, green wood,
With Nature an intimate friend,
And watch the small wild folk
To their plays and duties attend.

Or to wander around the farm
And hear the rustling maize,
While you eat a golden peach,
In those glorious summer days.

To live like a gipsy, outdoors,
Happy and careless and free,
A child of Nature yourself,
Oh, that is the summer for me!

SUMMER SUNBEAMS.

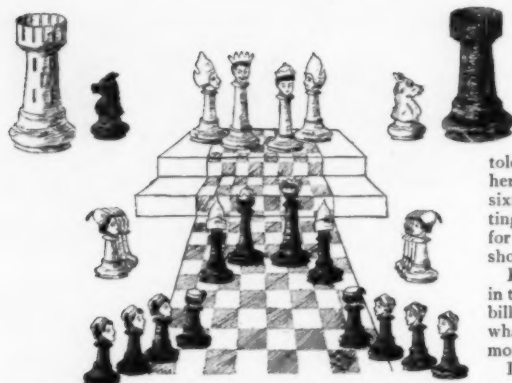
BY KATHARINE N. STEINTHAL
(AGE 8).

MERRY little sunbeam,
Dancing in the air;
Merry little sunbeam,
Playing in my hair.

Merry little sunbeam,
Shining all day long;
The birds they rest together
And sing a happy song.

You shine upon the roses,
You shine upon the trees;
You shine around as if to say:
"There's work for busy bees."

"A FLOWER STUDY." BY FLORENCE V.
REYNOLDS, AGE 14.



"A SEPTEMBER RECEPTION." BY GLADYS MOORE, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

SUMMER.

BY HOYT SHERMAN (AGE 8).

SUMMER is the time to play,
In the fields among the hay.
Summer winds from off the seas,
Wave the branches of the trees.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 13).

THE word adventure is often interpreted as an exciting and unforeseen occurrence, but under the broader definition of a "chance of danger," my story will have to rank.

One day, about seventy years ago, my grandfather received the following communication:

"MAJ. CHARLES J. NOURSE,
"Georgetown, D. C.
"You are an old soldier. Come
to see me, I have something for
you to do."
"NICHOLAS BIDDLE."

Upon going to see Mr. Biddle, who was president of what is known as the "Old United States Bank," my grandfather found that the business which the bank wished to intrust to him was the distribution of \$3,000,000 among its branches on the Mississippi.

That afternoon Major Nourse carried home many sheets of uncut bank-notes.

After supper my grandfather came into the family sitting-room with several sheets of bank-notes, which he allowed his children to separate, while he told his wife and oldest daughter of the journey which he was to undertake.

He asked his daughter to go with him, telling her that, to avoid suspicion, the money was to be carried in her "carpet-bag."

When all was ready my aunt and her father started on their long stage journey.

Naturally, in a journey that took so many weeks, there were many adventures, but because of the League's limited space I will tell only one.

One night during their pilgrimage, upon stopping at an inn, my aunt with her baggage was put into a room the door of which could not be fastened. She was shocked when she made this discovery, but, for fear of creating suspicion, she told no one and retired early, determined to watch her charge. All through that long night the girl of sixteen watched the treasure intrusted to her, forgetting physical pain and exhaustion, absorbed with plans for the protection of her valuable baggage, if this should be necessary.

Remembering the enormous value of the notes—for in those days three millions seemed as great as three billions would to-day—and shuddering to think of what might happen in that night, she waited for morning.

It came and brought relief to her mind, but there was no time for physical rest. That must wait until the mission was accomplished.

In a short time the money was distributed and they were able to go home, my aunt taking with her a pleasant memory of her adventurous journey.

A SUMMER LULLABY.

BY ALINE MURRAY (AGE 16).

THE little waves break on the silvery sands,
The sun sinks low in its glowing heat,
The far-off cry of the whippoorwill
 Comes through the duskiness, faint and sweet.
Hush thee, my little one,
Rest, for the day is done;
Sleep, little one, sleep.

A glimmer of sails on the moonlit sea,
The whispering waves with their music low,
While over the sea bends
the lady-moon
Crooning a lullaby soft
and slow.
Hush thee, my little
one,
Rest, for the day is
done;
Sleep, little one,
sleep.

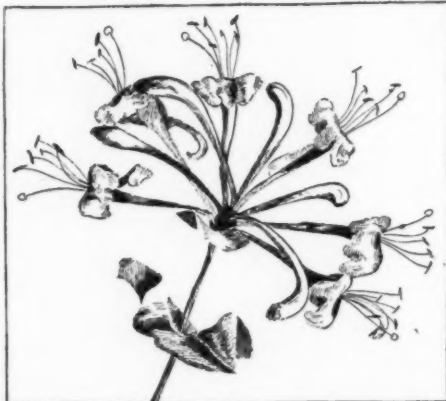
A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY HARRIETTE KYLER
PEASE (AGE 17).

ONE day last summer, when we were in Michigan, we decided to explore a great bluff which was across the lake from our hotel. We were told that we must be very careful or we would get lost, and although we heeded this warning we did get lost, and as a storm was coming up we began to grow very anxious. Just as the storm seemed about to break we espied a little hut, and ran to it for shelter.

When we opened the door what a surprise greeted our eyes!

A bright fire was burning on the hearth; by it sat a little old woman knitting briskly. A large black cat



"A STUDY OF A FLOWER." BY ETHEL MESSEROV, AGE 15.

slumbered before the fire, and in the chimney corner was a great home-made broom.

As soon as she saw us she bounced out of her chair and seized the broom, screaming out something in a foreign tongue as she did so. We girls began to get frightened, but when one of the boys assured her that we meant no harm and only wanted shelter from the storm, she replaced her broom and motioned for us to sit down.

Soon afterward the storm broke and we were glad that we had a shelter from the storm. The little old



SEPTEMBER.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARGARET REEVE, AGE 8.
(SILVER BADGE.)

woman did not seem to be in the least disturbed by the tempest, and began to prepare her evening meal, muttering all the time to herself, which was rather alarming.

When the simple repast of black bread and soup was ready she invited us to help ourselves. We did not fancy sitting to the table with such a strange old woman, but fearing that we might offend her we accepted her invitation and did ample justice to the simple fare.

The storm having past we inquired in what direction the lake was, and the way having been pointed out we took leave of the little hut and its strange inmate. We soon afterward found our boat, and in a short time arrived safely at the hotel landing.

When our landlord heard of our adventure he exclaimed, "That was old Maria. The stupid country people think she is a witch. It's a wonder she did not chase you off with that broom of hers, as she—"

But I think one story is enough for this time; perhaps I may tell the other some time in the future.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

We are sorry to say that the little story published in June, entitled "How the Count Won His Kingdom," was not original, but taken from La Boulaye's fairy tales. La Boulaye called it "The Three Fishes." Like every other copied contribution we have ever published, it was reported by more than one reader. The League editor cannot read everything that has ever been published, but among all the many thousand members of the League there is no possible chance for an offense of this kind to escape notice. We have repeated this so many times that it seems almost incredible that any one will still run the risk of exposure. Fortunately the story was not awarded a prize, for the reason that it was not strictly speaking a fairy story and was therefore not within the requirements of the competition.

POPULAR BRANCH, N. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came a few days ago. It is beautiful, and I cannot tell you how I appreciate it. I feel fully repaid for all I have done while striving for this bit of gold and blue.

Dear St. Nicholas, you will never know of the joy you have brought into the life of a lonely little girl, and never, oh never, can you realize what it meant to me when after years of endeavor I found that I had won!

Dear St. Nicholas, thank you again and again for this, and also for the encouragement of seeing my name on the Roll of Honor and for the silver badge awarded me last year.

I was so glad to see in the February and March numbers poems by Maud Shackleford. For the poems themselves, and because I

have come to look for her name, and last, but not least, because we are both "Tar heels."

I am very proud of being a native of "The Old North State."
Yours truly,
MARY YUILA WESCOTT (age 15).

MANILA, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and a half, and I like you best of all the magazines. I live in Zamboanga, Mindanao, and I like it very much. In Mindanao there are very bad Moros, and there is one who is called Datooley; the soldiers are trying to catch him, though they are having a pretty hard time of it. Dato is the same as chief; and they often turn hurmentado, and they think that if they kill a Christian they will go to heaven on a white horse. Hurmentado is the same as murderer. They go about in the street with big knives. The Moros have boats that are made out of trees and hollowed out; to keep their boats from turning over, they put bamboos on the sides. The Moros chew a kind of nut called betel-nut, which makes their teeth black. I am twelve years old.

Yours truly,

LEONARD WOOD.

LAPRAIRIE PROVINCE, QUEBEC, CANADA.

EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE:

Sir, or Madam, truly your attention I implore
To the poor unhappy mortals who are put without the portals,
On the outside of the portals of the dearly-loved League's door.

May n't we have *some* competition? Age is only a partition,
We who send you our petition,—who compete may never—
more,—

Are no older in our seeming though more lonely in our dream—
ing

Than the ones who're less than eighteen, while our years,
alas! are more.

If we may, within the pages of the League (despite our ages),
Hold a competition, truly we will bless you evermore!

LORNA INGALLS (League member, age 19).

Other valued letters have been received from Daisy Bayne, Edna Behre, Elizabeth A. Steer, Morris Lowell, Louise Ballot, Anna Clark Buchanan, Mary Brown, Evelyn M. McPheters, K. Jean Middleton, Cornelia S. Penfield, Lillian Haase, Marguerite Hyde, Florence DuBois, Josephine Holloway, Lester Small, Clifford H. Pangburn, Marjorie R. Peck, Harriet Bingham, Marjorie L. Ward, Harold S. van Buren, Henry B. Dillard, Raymond C. Ide, Ellen Porter Lemly, Elizabeth Beal Berry, Doris M. Shaw, Fannie Tutweiler, A. Waldo Stevenson, Douglas S. Warren, Elizabeth Morris, Gladys Richardson, Marguerite Rupprecht, Gladys Louise Cox, Catharine E. Jackson, Belle Baird, J. H. Isbell, Lewis S. Combes, Marjorie Miller, Martha Sherman Stringham, Alice R. Abraham, Elise J. Taylor, Christine Schoff, Marion Stevenson, Alice Adair Loos, Elizabeth Park, Edna-Krouse, Kate S. DeWolf.

GOOD-BY, SUMMER.

(Illustrated Poem.)

BY KATHRYN SPRAGUE DE WOLF (AGE 15).

LITTLE flowers, autumn's here;
Cuddle down, each drowsy dear—
Just a few may stay up late;
No, you won't have long to wait.
Snug you 'll sleep the winter thro',
Soon to gladden earth anew.





"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ROBERT EDMOND JONES, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Elilot Q. Adams
Mary Travis Heward
Jeannette Covert
Grace Leslie Johnson
Clara Shanafelt
Clement R. Wood
Helen Janet Smith
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Maude H. Brisse
Louisa F. Spear
L. Beatrice Todd
Ethel M. Dickson
Olive Mudie-Cooke
Nannie Clark Barr
Dorothy P. Wetherald
Cora M. Westcott
Jean Plant
Margaret Dow
Rispah P. Goff
Georgiana Myers
Sturslee
Elsa Clark
Dorothy Keeley
Josephine Freund
Eleanor Johnson
Marguerite Stuart
Hazel L. Raybold
Ruth H. Keigwin
Jessie Freeman Foster
Freda G. Carty
Mary Elizabeth Pidgeon
Elizabeth V. R. Limont
Alma Jones
Margaret Ewing
Aileen Hyland
Dorothy St. John
Mildmay
Dorothy Smith
Margaret Richmond
Susan Warren Wilbur
Isabel D. Weaver
Adelaide Nichols
Rolf Humphries
Wilhelmine Zwicker

VERSE 2.

Elizabeth Toof
Emily Rose Burt
Genevieve Fox
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Ruth Peice Getchell
Lucile D. Woodling
Ruth M. Haggood
Camilla Ringhouse
Gracie Canner
Abigail E. Jenner

Phyllis Brooks
Dorothy Douglas
Ezid Foote
Cuthbert Vail Wright
Jessie May Furness
Corinne Benoit
Alice G. Baldwin
David Fishel
Ella T. Howard
Helen Himman
Corelia Mallett
Ruth Greenbaum
Elizabeth A. Steer
Alice Washburn
Geneva Anderson
Rosamond Kornreich
Helen Harrington
Gladys M. Adams
Marjorie R. Peck
Margaret Wing
Stevens
Mildred Seitz
Twila A. McDowell
Emmeline Bradshaw
Katharine M. Sherwood

Charles Ellison
William Willard Burke
Mary Lee Turner
Juliet Ford
Eulalie Barker
Marjorie Meeker
Warren Karner
Lawrence B. Johnson
Dorothea Bechtel
Caroline Ballard Talbot
Katharine Rutan Neumann
DeWitt Clinton Jones
Norman Taylor
Marie Armstrong
Helen Wyman
James Davies
Elizabeth G. Solis
Vera Viola van Nes
Arthur Perring Howard
Linda W. Baker
Theresa R. Robbins
Helen May Baker
Dallas White
Joel Goldthwait
Madeleine Bunzel
Roschen Baker
Lowry A. Biggers
Marguerite Weed
Gretchen Stirling
James
Marjorie D. Allen

PROSE 1.

Dorothy Nicoll
Lydia Gibson
Frances Jeffery
Gwendolene Tugman
Fulvia Varvaro
Roscoe H. Vining
Phyllis M. Clarke
Hadassah Backus
Freda M. Harrison
Dorothy Elizabeth True
Laura Heward
Ruth C. Wood
Harold Blood
George Spitzli
Harnet E. Margerum
Irene Bowen
Leila Nielsen
Amy Naim
Edna Hanawalt
Loretto Lappington

PROSE 2.

Elizabeth Marvin
Allen F. Brewer
Agnes R. Lane
Ruth McNamee
Ethel Berrian
Juliet Grant Moore
Madeline F. H. White
George Switzer
Harriet Eleanor Munroe Webster
Katharine L. Marvin
Ada M. Nielsen
Oids MacMillan
Henry B. Dillard
Dorothy McL. Yorke
Joseph E. Larkins
Faye B. Grantham
Frances Gordon
Edith Pine
Dorothy Corson
Elizabeth Hirsh
Nancy Payson
Bessie Stella Jones
Dorothy MacLure
Alice S. Hopson
Nellie Elgutter
Joan Spelling
Lalite Wilcox
Grace Gates
Nellie Foster-Comegys
Catharine H. Straker
Marjorie Bailey
Helen Davenport
Perry

Harry Rubenson
Margaret Douglass
Gordon
Mildred L. Smith
Eleanor S. Wilson
Guilie Gerrard
Stuart Canby
Corinne Barnet Ramsey
Edna Anderson
Marie H. Pierson
Zoe Harris
Katharine Munger
Dorothy B. Sayre
Miriam Beaver
Marion Mair
Elizabeth Park
McClure Ramsay
Katherine Copenhagen
Howard R. Patch
Charlotte Wyckoff
Laura Bates

DRAWING 1.

F. Irwin Smith
Margaret Dobson
Ela Elizabeth Preston

Muriel C. Evans
Joseph C. Weber
Anna Zucker
Florence Webster
Seth Harrison Gurnee
Charlotte Waugh
Carina Eaglesfield
Robert Schulkers
Grace F. Slack
W. Howard Smith
Katie Sargent
Florence E. Case
Mathilde Burke
Alice Humphrey
Kathleen L. Grace
Isabel Coolidge
Marion Myers
Alma Ward
Wilson Roads
Webb Mellin Sieméns
Elsa Hempel

DRAWING 2.

Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Emily W. Browne
Helen H. Stafford
Mabel Frances Whitehead
Carl Schmitt
William Robert Wilson
Dean C. Throckmorton
Edward C. Tully
Jennie S. Fernald
Margaret Naumburg
Harriette Grant
Albert Hart
Irma J. Diescher
Constance Whitten
Eileen Hudson
Maurice Rosenberg
Rena Kellner
Ernest J. Werner
Mary Hazeline Fewsmith
Virginia Witmer
Beth May
Helen Keadig
Jessie Hewitt
Margaret T. Lighthall
Harry Stevens

E. Marguerite Route-lege
Maude Kroehle
Harriet F. Hale
Ruth Cutler
Anita Moffett
Mabel W. Whiteley
Piero Colonna
Elizabeth Keeler
Myron C. Nutting
Isabel G. Howell
Martha Sherman
Stringham
Esther Q. Tiffany
Sarah L. Coffin
Cuthbert W. Haasis
Dora B. Taylor
Heather P. Baxter
Evelyn Cannon
Margaret Pilkington
Mary Falconer
Natalie E. Duncan
Katherine Dulcebella Harbour
Olive Garrison
Frances Morrissey
Mary R. Paul
Anna Graham Wilson
Howard L. Seamens
Elizabeth Eckel
Mabel Alvares
Margaret Wilkins
Mildred Andrus
Helen Shufeldt
Wayne E. Stevens
Mary Anderson
Woods
Bryden Pease
Helen Dawley
Mollie Bulloch
Dorothy Eichlitz
Myron A. Hardy
David Keith Johnston
Ruth Adams
Barbara N. Richardson
Frances Powell
Ray McCallum
Lois Treadwell
Marian Walter
Eleanor Keeler
Fannie Bean



SEPTEMBER.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY KATHLEEN BUCHANAN, AGE 10.

Dorothy Ochtman
Edwin G. Cram
Helen N. de Haven
Joseph Stenbuck
Phyllis McVicker
Harry B. Leopold
Vera M. Demens
Margery Bradshaw
Carl B. Timberlake
Marjorie Lyndon Ward

Joseph Hayes Burchfield
William G. Chriap
Alice Seabrook
Harold W. Whitlock
Frances Kathleen Crisp
Josephine Holloway
Katherine Mary Keeler

Ruth Thomas
Dorothy Bunker Pringle
Charles H. Baker, Jr.
C. Rollin Larrabee
Lorenzo Hamilton
Charles Duncan
Katharine A. Robinson
Mary A. Jones

W. R. Barbour
Mildred C. Jones
Genevieve Bertolacci
Ernest J. Clare
Leonard Ochtman, Jr.
William Westring, Jr.

Alice H. du Pont
G. Huntington Williams
Janet G. Camp
Ruth W. Leonard
Robert C. Seamans
Edythe Waterman
Marjorie Garland
Katharine Leonard
Lawrence Day
Constance Freeman
Eveline P. Weeks
Lawrence V. Sheridan
Viola Bogert

Eleanor B. Danforth
Thomas C. Cole
Vincent H. Godfrey
Charles D. Osborne
Riland Redmond
Harry F. Cromwell

PUZZLES 1.

James B. Diggs
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Harold Alvares
Mary Angood

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Elizabeth Weyerhaeuser
Frances F. Fulton
Lawrence V. Sheridan



"A FARM SKETCH." BY CORDNER SMITH, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Irene F. Wetmore
Jennie H. Kinkad
J. Clifford Smedley
Helen Johnson
Hilda C. Foster
William Smith
Margaret Armour
Caro Kingman
Katharine E. Pratt
Jessie Voight
Margaret Colgate
Warren Ordway
Reginald C. Foster
Struthers Dunn
Albert William Honeywell, Jr.
Margaret McKittrick
Edna M. Stevens
Paul Wormser

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Christina B. Fisher
Emely Clayton
Fairfield E. Raymond
Lincoln Clark
Preston Coursen
Charlotte H. Sawyer
Martha Hollister
Earle Host Ballou
Susan J. Appleton
Helen L. K. Porter

Douglas S. Warren
George Wright
Sidney Moise
Sarah W. Davis
Elizabeth A. Gest
Reinhard Heeran
Hardenia R. Fletcher
Thomas Turnbull, 3
Florence C. Jones
Mary Ellen Willard
Marian V. S. Toedt
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Alice Shirley Willis
Florence R. T. Smith
Mildred Quiggle
John Orth
H. B. Duncan, Jr.
Pendleton Schenck
Joseph S. Webb
W. Kenneth Mackenzie

Dorothea dePonte
Williams
Alexander B. Morris
Janet E. Buchanan
Marion H. Tuthill
E. Bunting Moore
Harold P. Murphy
Margaret Griffith
Sidney Gable
Emily Vocum Brownback
Elliott Dunlap Smith
Dorothy Dudley Storer
Fred Klein

Charles L. Sherman
Austin Dodge
Leslie V. Spencer
"Two Puzzlers"
E. Adelaide Hahn
Buford Brice

PUZZLES 2.

Elsie Margaret Hunter
Henry Morgan Brooks
Margaret Spahr
Theodore C. Browne
Hamilton Fish Armstrong
Willie O. Dickinson
Gladys Richardson
Abel S. Behrman
Phileas F. Fine
Lawrence Levensgood
Ethel Dietrich
Leila H. Dunkin
May W. Ball
Katherine Hiatt
Arthur J. Goldsmith
Elizabeth Spicer
Dorothy Culp
Isabel McGillis
Eleanor S. Sanger
Bessie Kennedy
Edith L. Fischer
Eugene Clark Scott
Freda M. Schultz
Edna Browning



"SCHOOL AGAIN." BY EARL PARK, AGE 13.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS.

The following named League members would like to exchange souvenir postal cards: E. Marie Cheney, 3149 Lyndale Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.; Josephine McMarrin, Johnstown, N. Y.; R. Simpson, Southmount Cameron, Tasmania, Australia; Wilmer Jackson Gross, Morrison Ave., San José, Cal.; Marion L. Decker and Catharine Decker, Mt. Halcrowe, Johnstown, N. Y.; Evangeline Keefe, Madison, Me.; Bertha Rushworth, same address.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

UNLESS contributors prepare their offerings according to the simple rules given on the last League page of each issue, they cannot compete. It is impossible to award a prize to one who does not give his age, or his address. There were a number of careless members this time who sent very fine work indeed. Three of these would have received prizes—one of them a gold badge—if the contributions had been properly prepared. This is too bad, for among the hundreds of contributions received prizes are hard enough to win, without letting any chance slip away through forgetfulness.

Remember, the contribution must bear name, age, address, and indorsement. Otherwise it is thrown away.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 72.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 72 will close September 30 (for foreign members September 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "A Log Fire."

Prose: Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Queer Pet."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Country Road."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "The Christmas Fireplace" (from life) and a Heading or Tailpiece for December.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.



SCHOOL-DAYS AGAIN.

WE all know that at first it is not at all hard to take up the routine of school-work, even after the delightful freedom of vacation days. There is a pleasant novelty in the fresh, clean-smelling new school-books, in the beginning of new studies, in the faces of new-comers; but we also know that before long the freshness is gone and there is danger that school duties will begin to become a burden. Edward Everett Hale has written a clever little book of essays entitled "How to Do It," wherein he gives advice to young people upon a variety of everyday matters. In regard to the hours spent in school, he makes the wise suggestion that the way to make these hours as swift in flight as those of vacation time is to give one's self heartily to the task in hand, whatever it may be. Who of us has not seen a child give more time to worrying and fretting over a task than would have been ample to complete the task itself? And besides, the doing of the work would have been much less disagreeable to all parties concerned than the whining and complaining that took its place.

Though the halls of literature are full of delights, they can be entered only through the outlying courts where the little scholar serves an apprenticeship of routine work. Those who love books must not forget that the knowledge of books cannot be won save by many a day of faithful service in the school-room.

A TRIBUTE TO READING.

THE president of Hamilton College, in an address to some public-school teachers, said in effect that the knowledge he had gained by reading was more valuable than all the rest he possessed, and declared that if schools failed to give a love for reading, they failed in the most important part of their duty.

FOR READERS OF FRENCH.

IN an article in the July number of "The Review of Reviews," a French lady, Stephane Jouselin, speaks in most flattering terms of the interest of American women in French literature, and especially commends American young girls as being unusually well read. She thinks, however, that some of the books which should be best known to our young readers of French are often neglected by them, and gives a few suggestions as to books especially suited for the reading of young girls. In the hope that her suggestions may be of use to young students of French literature, we repeat a few of them here.

Though it is often read in schools, perhaps not all young students of French are aware how charming is the little volume, by Alphonse Daudet, entitled, "Lettres de mon Moulin." This book is equally delightful in subject and in style, and should be familiar to all American readers of French stories. Three authors who are strongly recommended by this French visitor are André Theuriet, Victor Cherbuliez, and Leon de Tinceau.

We shall name but two more books, although these by no means exhaust those suggested in the original article: "Mon Oncle et mon Curé," by Jean de la Brété and "Le Révé," which is by Émile Zola, but is a most charmingly ideal sketch of French country life.

THE CLASSIC BROTHERHOOD.

NOT so many years ago, it was comparatively easy to induce young readers to prefer the best books. The comparison then was between very good books and a class that had little to recommend it. To-day, in the great number of books for the young, there are all grades and varieties between the very poorest and the very best. Many merely commonplace books cannot be fairly condemned as in any way harmful

or foolish; all that can be said of them is that they are not the best. Usually, since they are easier reading than the best books, and require no effort on the part of the reader, they will be preferred by young people who are lazy about thinking. Undoubtedly, there is a time for this mere "recreation reading," and the object of this paragraph is only to warn young readers that these second-rate books should not displace their betters.

The best books, the classics of our literature, have a certain relation one to another; the reading of any of the brotherhood makes easier the acquaintance with its fellows. To show briefly what is meant, the young reader is reminded how many are the references throughout literature to such a book as "Pilgrim's Progress," which, it is taken for granted by all writers, will be familiar to their readers. In short, each great book helps wonderfully to understand all others. As to the recreation books, it is a matter of no importance whether they be skimmed or neglected.

WHAT CHILDREN READ. A CHICAGO professor has been securing statements from about three thousand children concerning the books they most enjoyed. From their answers, he has made up a list of one hundred, of which No. 1 is Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and No. 100 is "Peck's Bad Boy." It is at least gratifying that the last on the list came no higher. Three books which were exceedingly popular, being ranked ahead even of many excellent story-books, are Fiske's "History of the United States," a Life of Washington, and one of Lincoln. We should be very glad if some of our Chicago correspondents could send us the full list, as this note is made up only from a newspaper mention.

THREE OLD FRIENDS. THE wife of a missionary in Korea adds a postscript to a very pleasant letter written by her little son, and recommends three books that were great favorites of her own: Irving's "Alhambra," with its charming Moorish legends, John G. Saxe's "Clever Tales of Many Nations," and Mrs. Craik's "A Little Lame Prince." We are glad to mention these, as most of the lists sent us name the same general class of books—books already familiar to most of our readers.

"FRIEND PAUL." THOSE of us who were boys several decades ago remember with delight the books of Paul du Chaillu, whose recent death seemed to his old readers the loss of a friend. No other writer for boys had the same kindly charm as "friend Paul." During his lifetime, and, indeed, until within a few years, many were skeptical as to the truth of his surprising stories of Central Africa; but as the Dark Continent was brought more and more into the light of day, it was seen that Du Chaillu had told the unadorned truth. In the hope of bringing his fascinating writings to the notice of boy readers of to-day who do not already know him, we advise them at their next visit to the library to call for one of his African volumes—for instance, "My Apingi Kingdom." Reading one will be a sufficient introduction, sure to lead to more.

AN OLD AND WISE SAYING. ONE of the wise old doctors of the middle ages, who lived about two and a half centuries before America was seen by Colon, was asked how a man might become learned. He replied, "By reading one book." We should like some of our young students to tell us: who said this; what nickname was given him by his schoolmates; what is meant by the saying, and what modern saying is suggested by the old one.

WAYS OF READING. QUITE as important as what books one likes is why one likes them, for one may select the right book for the wrong reason, or you may make a book very different by different ways of reading it. Skipping is dangerous if you are reading an author who can be depended upon not to waste your time; and if you have a book which is little harmed by skipping, you will probably save time if you skip at once from Chapter I to "Finis." If old enough to read books of your own choice, you are also old enough to know whether it is worth while to give time to any particular book; but do not make the mistake of not reading a great deal purely for amusement. "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en." Remember, however, that the "pleasure" may be that of acquiring knowledge or discipline, and that often the most effective studying is done by young people in acquainting themselves with something they do not learn in school hours.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Through a regrettable oversight, the full-page illustration "A Fourth of July Morning in the Daisy-Field," which appeared on page 776 of the July number was not credited to the photographers who made it. The illustration was from a stereograph made by Underwood & Underwood, New York, and copyrighted 1904, by this well-known firm.

PORTLAND, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have taken you a little over a year, and I like you very much. I am very much interested in Nature and Science. I have a little dog; his name is "Chick"; he is a Boston bull-terrier. I like to read the letters in the Letter-box.

Your loving reader,

BEATRICE B. CRAGG (age 9).

RUMFORD POINT, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and enjoy you very much. I am much interested in "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy."

I have a cat whose name is "Molly," and a dog whose name is "Jack." He is very playful.

I have no brothers nor sisters, so I do not have anybody to play with. I go to school. I live about two miles from the school-house. My school has a League; it takes you and enjoys you very much.

My uncle is a representative from Rumford, and I have been to Augusta.

Your interested reader,

SUSAN MARTIN (age 10).

EVELETH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Eveleth, Minnesota. Sometimes it is very cold, and yesterday it froze, and during the night the trees and everything were covered with ice; some of the trees were broken and others bent. I have taken the St. NICHOLAS for five months, and enjoy it very much. I have a cat named "Malty." I named her that because she is a Maltese cat. I have had her four years, and she will not go outside the yard.

One day, when she had kittens, there came a little black dog in the yard, and when Malty saw him she chased the dog all around the house, and finally she got him in the corner of the yard and she scratched him. He was more frightened of her than she of him. He was whining and barking, and when Malty did let him go, he ran as fast as he could.

This is the first letter I have ever written to the St. NICHOLAS.

Your sincere reader,

RACHEL HARWOOD (age 10).

ATHENS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my little half-sister. She is just six months old, and so sweet that I could eat her up.

I have two other sisters of six and three. The baby's name is Winnifred. She is just learning to sit up, and sometimes when she gets a little overbalanced she just goes over, and sometimes she tries to get her feet in her mouth. She laughs nearly all the time.

I like your stories very much, especially "Queen Zixi of Ix." I would like to read some more stories like "Ned Toodles."

I am your loving reader.

EMMA M. GUENTHER (age 15).

NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for just a year, and like you very much. One of my favorite stories is the "Queen Zixi of Ix." I take my St. NICHOLAS to school as soon as it comes. The other day the teacher read us about Lucy's shopping; when she said there was no more time, everybody looked so disappointed.

I have been longing to get into the League membership, but I am afraid I cannot draw very well.

I am going to try hard so that I can get a badge. I have heard so often of the beautiful badges that I want one very much. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.

I am your reader,

AUGUSTA STRADELLA (age 10).

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and think you are the best children's magazine published.

I am a League member, and I happened to get my badge exactly three years after I took the first number of St. NICHOLAS. It was on my birthday.

My favorite stories are "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy" and "Queen Zixi of Ix."

I have a camera, and I am going to take some pictures for the League.

When I can't find anything else to do, I get my old St. NICHOLAS and read them over, and I suppose I have read them all about once a month.

I will have to close now.

Your faithful reader,

STANLEY DAGGETT (age 10).

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for many years, and have numbers dating back to 1896. I have taken you regularly for the last six years, but I have neglected the League. It is a little late for New Year resolutions, but during 1905 I intend to send more contributions. I give you my highest praise — you are the best magazine for boys.

Yours very truly,

CLARENCE E. SIMONSON.

SPOKANE, WASH.

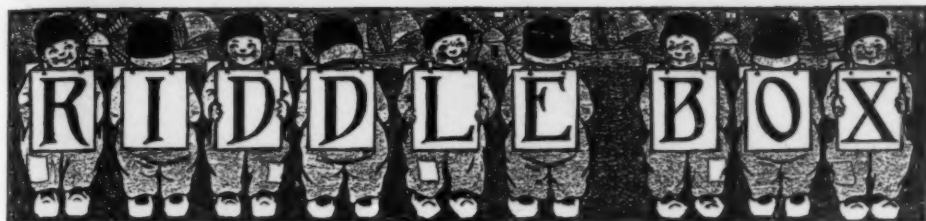
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for eighteen years, but of course I have n't, for I am only nine; but, although so young, I am an uncle to a niece, who is about eight months old, and lives at Idaho.

My brother has a dog, an Irish setter, who is fourteen years old. My sister did have a dog, named "Bennie," who was about eight years when he died.

The snow came about three days ago, and I am having a fine time coasting and snowballing. But I must close.

Your loving reader,

WILLIAM RICHARDS.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CHARADE. In-come.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Praxiteles. 1. Truncheon, punce. 2. De-rui-ve. Iris. 3. Co-ales-cent. seal. 4. Flexible. ibex. 5. Ab-late-ve, tail. 6. Tri-otto-ir. Otto. 7. Me-an-dera. Edna. 8. Ap-ost-le, slot. 9. Go-rgeo-us, goat. 10. Ab-stra-ct, arts.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Slant. 2. Lower. 3. Aware. 4. Nerve. 5. Trees.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. George Washington. 1. Fra-grant. 2.

Arr-ears. 3. Lab-oratory. 4. Nar-row. 5. Hob-goblin. 6. Det-er-mine. 7. Out-ward. 8. Vis-age. 9. Way-side. 10. Nep-bew. 11. Uph-ill. 12. Leo-nine. 13. Bar-gain. 14. Nep-tune. 15. Dis-own. 16. Gar-net.

A DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals, Abraham Lincoln. 1. Aban-don. 2. Oblique. 3. Carbine. 4. Parapet. 5. Marshes. 6. Mineral. 7. Minimum. 8. Prevail. 9. Pelagic. 10. Ravines. 11. Abscond. 12. Drought. 13. Aliquot. 14. Nostrum.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Ties. 2. Isle. 3. Ella. 4. Seal. II. 1. Cost. 2. Otto. 3. Stir. 4. Tory. III. 1. Last. 2. Alto. 3. Star. 4. Tore. IV. 1. List. 2. Into. 3. Stay. 4. Toys. V. 1. Arms. 2. Real. 3. Mane. 4. Sled.

OMITTED LETTERS. 1. Ararat. 2. Havana. 3. Ananas. 4. Sahara. 5. Atabal. 6. Panama.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Helen Marshall—Laura E. Jones—Russell S. Reynolds—Charles L. Sherman and mother—Dorothy Rutherford—Elizabeth D. Lord—"Allil and Adi"—Nessie and Freddie—Harold S. Hill—Mary Elizabeth Askew—Grace Haren—Edwin N. Little—"Chuck"—Evelyn G. Patch—Harriet Bingham—Marian Swift—Margaret E. Nash—Alpha Society and friends—Marian Smith—Elizabeth Delo—Grace Massonneau—Joseph S. G. Bolton—Florence Du Bois—Lillian Sarah Burt—Marjorie Mullins—Laetitia Viele.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Lucy W. Harris, 2—E. C. Bancroft, 1—E. B. Whittemore, 2—E. Black, 2—E. Williams, 2—E. Crampton, 1—E. Anschütz, 1—A. Fine, 1—D. E. Hickok, 2—E. Crandall, 1—M. Kent, 1—C. Thierot, 1—M. Boland, 1—J. E. Kerbaugh, 1—A. H. Platt, 1—"Duluth," 8—S. Martin, 1—Edith L. Kaskel, 3—D. Funk, 1—M. C. Weyand, 1—H. E. Bowman, 1—Rosamund Randall, 2—Christine Fleisher, 2—L. Hollberg, 1—M. Plumb, 1—E. Dreyer, 1—Adele, M. Beatty, 4—Mildred T. Satterthwaite, 2—Mildred R. Kahn, 2—E. B. Beach, 1—L. Neal, 1—F. Schultz, 2—A. Eggers, 1—M. Elliott, 1—D. P. Murphy, 1—James A. Noyes, 2—R. Norden, 1—D. and E. Perkins, 2—E. Crampton, 1—W. E. Burr, 1—L. H. Amy, Jr., 1—A. B. Lane, 1—H. Laird, 1—M. L. Frey, 1—F. Kiester, 1—Jeannette Berolzheimer, 2—H. E. Cushman, 1—Margot Donald, 2—A. T. Dell Plain, 1—Marguerite Strathy, 6—Ann Macalester, 2—M. L. Russell, 1—Ruth Jeppson, 3—E. Nicol, 1—Sarah Pattee, 4—J. Lintz, 1—Florence Bailey, 5—L. Butler, 1—Marjorie Skelking, 4—H. Bowman, 1—M. H. Tanberg, 1—A. S. Hopson, 1—H. L. Hayes, 1—M. B. Williams, 2—H. E. Butcher, 1—H. G. B., 1—D. E. Hildreth, 1—B. W. Baird, 1—Jean Masten, 1—Ruggles B. Pritchard, 2—Caroline Ray Savin, 6—Hazel Cockroft, 5—C. Anthony, 5—Fred G. Switzer, 4—Elizabeth Pease, 3—E. D. Fanning, 2—C. D. Schutz, 1—Tanetta E. Vanderpool, 8—J. Glynn, 1—M. Wagner, 1—R. T. Ciapp, 1—J. H. Elwell, 1—Prue K. Jamieson, 3—Louisa M. Orth, 8—E. Streeter, 1—Rebecca E. Hilles, 4—Mary H. Gray, 4—R. E. Young, 1—W. A. Putnam, Jr., 1—R. H. Renton, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A Russian coin. 2. Alliance. 3. A person obstinately wedded to an opinion. 4. Unbound. 5. To penetrate.

LIZZIE GILMER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous man; another row of letters will spell the name of one of his works.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Relating to Syria. 2. To plague. 3. Narrow passages. 4. A Chinese salutation. 5. Outflow. 6. Ruins. 7. An out-of-door party. 8. An exclamation meaning "I have found it!" 9. A reply. 10. To bait again. 11. Chooses.

ALICE M. FISHEL (League Member).

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is reached in every race, since races first began;

My second is a smoky place, if in it there 's a man;

My last, if spared, will spoil the child (than which no saying 's truer);

My whole grows by the roadside wild: you've guessed it now, I 'm sure.

ELIZABETH H. CRITTENDEN.

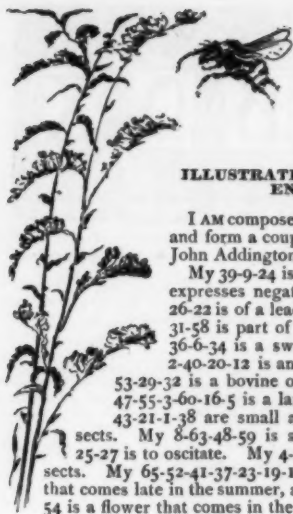
DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1 . . . 9
2 10 .
11 3 .
12 . . . 4
13 . . . 5
14 6 .
7 15 .
8 . . . 16

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To taunt. 2. A plant. 3. A small horse. 4. An aquatic bird. 5. Idie. 6. A landlord. 7. To expect. 8. An epithet.

From 1 to 8, a poet; from 9 to 16, a novelist.

MARGARET MORRIS (Honor Member).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

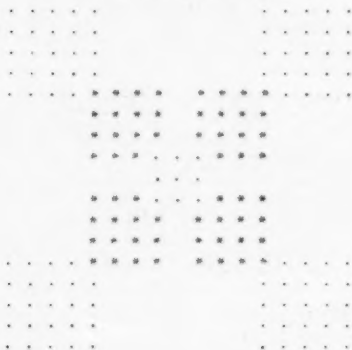
I AM composed of sixty-five letters and form a couplet from a poem by John Addington Symonds.

My 39-9-24 is a color. My 64-49 expresses negation. My 42-15-56-26-22 is of a lead color. My 45-11-31-58 is part of a ship. My 62-18-36-6-34 is a sweet substance. My 2-40-20-12 is an elevation. My 14-53-29-32 is a bovine of the far East. My 47-55-3-60-16-5 is a large insect. My 28-43-21-1-38 are small and troublesome insects. My 8-63-48-59 is sinewy. My 17-35-25-27 is to oscitate. My 4-44-57-7 are busy insects. My 65-52-41-37-23-19-10-50-51 is a flower that comes late in the summer, and my 13-46-33-30-54 is a flower that comes in the early autumn.

V. D.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Courageous. 2. A bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. A stanza. 5. To go in.

II. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. Sounded. 2. Territory. 3. Close at hand. 4. Apparel.

III. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Evident. 2. To depart. 3. Part of a roof. 4. To prevent. 5. Reposes.

IV. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A heavenly body. 2. Acid. 3. Surface. 4. Genuine.

V. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A masculine name. 2. To frighten. 3. Minded. 4. A place of public combat. 5. An angle in a wall.

VI. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A ciatrix. 2. Anxiety. 3. Region. 4. To peruse.

VII. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A builder in stone. 2. To idolize. 3. Makes dirty. 4. An architectural ornament. 5. Cozy homes.

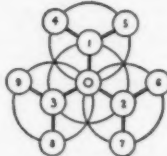
VIII. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. To pull along. 2. To be furious. 3. To assert. 4. A spore.



IX. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To hinder. 2. A common verb. 3. A color. TESSIE TAG.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM 0 to I and o, a negative prefix; 014, a word expressing negation; 015, a bending forward; 020, a recluse; 026, a knob; 027, the fruit of certain trees; 030, a feminine name; 038, a horse; 039, to seize; 410, a weight; 414, a small child; 415, a fox; 510, to put on; 514, a speck; 515, to cut off; 620, a small cake; 626, a small boy; 627, yet; 720, a wine measure; 726, a small cask; 727, an exclamation; 830, a poetic word for "commenced"; 838, to stop the mouth so as to prevent speech; 839, unmeaning talk; 930, to invoke evil upon; 938, a small sack; 939, a feminine nickname.

REGINALD A. UTLEY.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail a little town of Chautauqua County, New York, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a small house. In the same way:

2. Behead and curtail permitted, rearrange, and make a bird.

3. Behead and curtail dwarfed, rearrange, and make a cask.

4. Behead and curtail a kind of cloth used in making flags, rearrange, and make a metal.

5. Behead and curtail rebuked harshly, and leave ancient.

6. Behead and curtail perfumed, rearrange, and make to enmesh.

7. Behead and curtail a firm, rearrange, and make a chart.

8. Behead and curtail inhabitants of India, rearrange, and make help.

9. Behead and curtail sportsmen, rearrange, and make a number.

10. Behead and curtail bandages, rearrange, and make a covering for the head.

11. Behead and curtail a society of scholars, rearrange, and make a measure of length.

12. Behead and curtail keener, rearrange, and make to knock.

When the newly formed words have been written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a celebrated American clergyman born in 1663.

W. S. MAULSBY.

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Mary Mapes Dodge